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Pro-Slavery.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT FOR DR. ADAMS.

THE *Atlanta* (Ga.) *Republican* welcomes, in the following article, a new champion in defence of slavery, in the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston. The Rev. gentleman must take what comfort he can in these stray "hail fellow! well-met" greetings from the South, for as yet they have been very scarce in Northern papers:

Dr. Adams, in this little volume, much of it written at the South, the present year, has given the impressions made upon him, on the subject of slavery, during this visit. It is worth while to look at his stand point. He is one of the Northern clergymen who, heretofore, has felt it to be his duty to deal with this subject professionally. He states, as one of his efforts, that, in a Fourth of July oration, he represented three millions "of our fellow population" to be uttering groans and clanking chains, while joyful noises ushered in the nation's birthday: and that the last thing of the sort he did was to help frame the famous New England clerical remonstrance against the Nebraska bill and sign it. We gather from this that Dr. Adams has been an agitator, and believed in the good policy of Northern intermeddling; and thus has acted his part, with the "four hundred others" of his denomination, in "conversing and preaching and praying about slavery."

A gentleman of his weight of character, position and ability, is no ordinary observer; and testimony from such a source would be received in certain quarters, which, coming from other sources, would be rejected. This would naturally be the case, aside from the mere manner of giving it. In this case, the manner adds force to the matter. The subject is handled in a way as peculiar as it is conciliatory, and that cannot fail to cause good men, not excepting political clergymen, who have lent their aid to the savage war now being waged on the South, and the Constitution, to pause and reëxamine the ground they stand upon. Surely one of their number has a right to be heard who claims to speak "not as a partisan, but as a Christian; not as a Northerner, but as an American; not as a politician, but as a friend to the coloured race."

Dr. Adams, in his first hundred pages, after giving, in an amusing way, his first impressions of slavery, proceeds to present its favourable aspect, and next its revolting features. His descriptions are sometimes amusing. Thus his preconceived notions, those perhaps he had preached from the desk, led him to expect to see "the whole black population cowed down"; to see on "faces, limbs and actions," indented, as it were, "I am a slave." Here the doctor gives his first surprise:

"The steam-tug reached the landing, and the slaves were all about us. One thing immediately surprised me; they were all in good humour, and some of them in a broad laugh. The delivery of every trunk from the tug to the wharf was the occasion of some hit or repartee, and every burden was borne with a jolly word, grimace or motion. The lifting of one leg in laughing seemed as natural as a Frenchman's shrug. I asked one of them to place a trunk with a lot of baggage; it was done; up went the hand to the hat—'Anything more, please, sir?' What a contrast, I involuntarily said to myself, to that troop at the Albany landing on our Western Railroad! and on those piles of boards, and on the roofs of the sheds, and at the piers, in New York! I began to like these slaves. I began to laugh with them. It was irresistible. Who could have convinced me, an hour before, that slaves could have any other effect upon me than to make me feel sad? One fellow, in all the hurry and bustle of landing us, could not help relating how, in jumping on board, his boot was caught between two planks, and 'pulled clean off'; and how 'dis old feller went clean over into de wotter,' with a shout as though it was a merry adventure."

We must pass Dr. Adams's description of slavery to allude to his view of the duty of the North. In the first place there is much here relative to the South and North rarely seen in such a quarter. Here is a specimen—the italics being ours:

"What has she (the South) ever done except in self-defence, in our long quarrel, which, upon reconciliation, would rankle in our memories and make it hard for us to forgive and forget? *Positively not one thing. We have been the assailants, she the mark; we the persecutors, she the defendant; we the accusers, she the self-justifying respondent.*

"Unless we choose to live in a state of perpetual war, we must prevent and punish all attempts to decoy slaves from their masters. Whatever our repugnance to slavery may be, there is a law of the land, a constitution, to which we must submit, or employ suitable means to change it. While it remains, all our appeals to a 'higher law' are fanaticism."

"*Until we divide the Union, or procure a change in the Constitution, if we resist one of its provisions from repugnance to it, and so nullify it, we make a breach in a dam which has behind it a desolating river.*"

And here is another view of South and North, the italics being ours:

"On what subject except slavery has the South ever divided from the North, in Congress or out of Congress, in war or peace?

"What pride we have had in her patriots, statesmen and scholars, and what fellowship with her sainted dead!

"What a goodly land she possesses; what historical associations belong to her; what renown by sea and land; in cabinets, at home and abroad!

"*If the South should by any means obtain and keep the ascendancy in our national councils, in what way would she have the power and disposition to conflict with Northern interests, leaving the subject of slavery and our sensibilities out of the question?*

"*With regard to what are called the encroachments of the Slave Power, the demands of the South, are they at all to our injury except as they offend our opinions and feelings on the subject of slavery?* Political appointments would be made with less of sectional spirit if we were at peace.

"One would think that the South were Philip of Macedon, and we at the North the States of Greece, judging from our philippics against her. But her great offence is, independently of everything else, the perpetration of an evil under which both of us were born, but which we at the North were enabled to remove; *an effort on the part of the South to defend and maintain her institution of slavery under the Constitution; to maintain the right guarantied by our social compact, but assailed by us.* We seem to have forgotten how the royal family of the mother country, the king and queen at the head, and many of the nobles, contributed towards the first importation of slaves from Africa to this country; how Jefferson, in his first draught of the Declaration of Independence, charges the king with making depredations on an innocent people, and inflicting them as slaves on us; and how, at the close of the war, we at the North lengthened out the importation of slaves to the South beyond the term voted for by a majority of the Southern States. *Nor do we consider that the South was approximating the work of emancipation by public discussions, by acts of assembly drawn up and ready to be proposed, and by votes in her ecclesiastical bodies, when the outbreak of Northern opposition to slavery, and attempts to emancipate the slaves at once, drove back the South from her purpose, and that all her subsequent attempts at the extension of slavery have been intended as retaliatory acts, or in self-defence.*"

After this, the reader will not be surprised at all to read Dr. Adams's chapter containing a strong dissuasive from interference with the South. He comes to the conclusion that the only true course to adopt is to take what to some would seem "a back-step." "*Let us,*" he says, "*adopt the principle that the South is competent to manage the subject of slavery, and straightway cease from all offensive action.*" This is the exact principle of action of a large, growing and influential portion of the Northern population; and, for steadily adhering to it, demagogy, in all its forms, terms them "old hunkers," "doughfaces," "pro-slavery," "traitors, to the North!" and Dr. Adams must expect to receive these titles. What the opposite policy, that of intermeddling, has done, he testifies frankly—it has stopped every effort to emancipate the slaves of the South. "Our invectives"—such are his words—"against the South, our exaggerated representations of slavery, our indiscriminate imputations of connivance with its abuses, our political opposition, our resistance of Southern right under the Constitution, and our efforts to decoy their servants, at home and abroad, excite opposition which renders all our desire for the benefit of the coloured race in this country entirely hopeless. We may drive the South and her slaves from the Union, but we thereby gain nothing for the slaves." When the South was nearly ready for emancipation; when bills for this purpose were before Southern assemblies; when debates were going on in her legislative halls, the Northern action above described—Dr. Adams's testimony is—"*drove back the South from her purpose.*"

Among so much we find to approve, we regret to be obliged to make a *caveat* as to some of the things in the book. We dissent, for instance, entirely from the opinions expressed on the Nebraska bill; and, indeed, regard them as utterly inconsistent with its logic and its principle of non-interference. One of the chapters is headed, "WHAT SHALL WE DO?" and the concluding portion is on the capital text, "RETURN TO THE CONSTITUTION." There is a volume in that answer. No better answer can be given. Now, what is the Nebraska bill if it is not exactly a return to the Constitution? It is because of this return that the wicked agitation has been re-commenced, and by those who disown obligations to the Constitution. We, however, do not discuss this question now, nor other things in this work. We trust it will do good in quarters where change is much needed—where men need to substitute for the preaching of fanaticism and treason that of common sense and loyalty. Nothing could be more profitable, for many of our political demagogues, than a quarter's residence at the South; for then they might be content to support the laws and Constitution.

Selections.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE OF THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND, ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

AMERICANS: You acknowledge the Brotherhood of Nations. You avow the doctrine that the nations of the earth constitute one great family, and that, as such, they are bound to each other by common interests and common ties. And in avowing this, you grant the right of any one member of that brotherhood to lift up a calm and truthful testimony before any other member, on behalf of humanity, justice and freedom, when these are assailed or outraged.

We are at one with you in the maintenance of this principle; and it is because we look to you as brethren—bound to us by the most endeared associations—that we now address you.

It is in no spirit of pride or fancied superiority that we make our appeal, but rather in a spirit of self-humiliation, calling to mind that we also were once partakers in this iniquity. And we hope that the fact of our having done what we could to wipe out our reproach as a nation—once implicated in upholding slavery—will induce you to give the more willing and earnest heed to our remonstrance.

Americans—We plead with you on behalf of three millions of immortal beings whom you hold in bondage. We plead for the removal of the curse from their brow, the gall from their earthly cup, the chain from their limbs, the iron from their souls. We plead for the immediate, entire, and unqualified abolition of slavery throughout your land.

It is not necessary that we enter on any lengthened proof of the evils of this system. It carries its condemnation with it. That condemnation is heard in groans of anguish, and written in tears of blood. It has been inscribed, as with letters of fire, on the desolated hearts and homes of millions. The voice of the Eternal proclaims it. A system which subjects three millions of human beings to the condition of mere "chattels personal" in the eye of the law—which deprives them of all their rights and privileges as intelligent and accountable creatures—which disallows or breaks asunder the most sacred ties of life—which virtually annuls "the higher law" of God, and substitutes in its stead the absolute will of a sinful man as the rule of obedience—which robs its victims of the fruits of their toil, and denies to them the means and opportunities of cultivating their deathless faculties—a system which sanctions atrocities like these must be essentially wrong and unutterably shameful, and cannot be mentioned in the same breath with truth, righteousness and freedom.

Americans—We appeal to you, on the ground of our common HUMANITY, to abolish this system. We assert the manhood of the enslaved. These three millions who are in bondage are men and women like ourselves; gifted with like thoughts, like feelings, like aspirations; and, like us, too, destined for immortality. Why, then, treat them as if they belonged not to human kind? That there are humane men among the upholders of the slave system, and slaves who receive humane treatment, we readily acknowledge; and yet, we are compelled to say that the inevitable tendency of such a system must be to subject the enslaved to treatment that is anything but humane. Where is the humanity of treating men and women as if they were brute beasts or creeping things? of trampling in the dust the most sacred relationships of life? of rearing slaves like cattle for the market? of subjecting them to the lash, and to numerous indignities and immoralities? and this, according to the caprices or passion of an irresponsible owner. Is there even the semblance of humanity here? We plead with you to treat the slave as a man.

We appeal to you on the ground of JUSTICE. Where is the justice that is dealt out to the slave? Where is there anything meriting the name? The system takes from the slave all that he has, all that he gains, from life's commencement even to its close. It strips him of money, house, wife, children. It deprives him of education, civil rights, liberty of conscience, the Bible. It condemns him without a hearing, and subjects him without a trial to bonds, imprisonment, and even death. In vain does he look for justice at the hand of his oppressor. There is no tribunal of righteousness to which he can appeal. In the preamble to your noble Constitution, it is affirmed that it was framed "to establish justice," and yet there are three millions of human beings at this hour, within the bounds of your republic, who may be treated with every indignity and cruelty, while the justice of your land extends no shield over their helpless heads.

We appeal to you on the ground of CONSISTENCY. And is not this the fundamental principle set forth in your glorious Declaration of Independence—that "all men are born free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What means this language? Does it not mean that the man of colour as well as the white is a man? that the black man is born free as well as the white? that God has given to the black man, as well as the white, those inalienable rights? Where, then, is the consistency between your profession and your practice as a people?

Again, in your past history, you have shown that you are ever ready to sympathize with the victims of despotism in other lands in their struggles for freedom. In this you do well. We mingle our sympathies with yours. But where is the consistency of having overflowing sympathies for the enslaved afar off, and bondage and oppression for millions in your own land?

We appeal to you on the sacred ground of our common CHRISTIANITY. Shall our appeal here be unheeded? America proclaims itself to be a Christian land. And is not the very spirit of Christianity one of love? But where is the manifestation of that spirit in the enslavement of three millions of your fellow-men? Is not this the teaching of Christianity's divine Author—"Love thy neighbour as thyself"? And who is thy neighbour? That down-trodden Slave is he. But where is your love when you even deny him the right to be a man? Does not Christianity teach that God has "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth"? But how can you reconcile this great truth with your conduct in shutting out the poor slave from the brotherhood of humanity? Is not this the grand law for the regulation of conduct betwixt man and man, as laid down by the Great Teacher himself—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"? But if that law be honoured in the midst of you, does it not follow that you will bid every slave go free? As ye would that men should bind no fetters on your limbs, does not that law demand that ye bind no fetters on theirs? As ye would not be enslaved, Christ bids you enslave none. Have you not Bible and Missionary Societies, and do you not regard them as the glory of your nation? But why send the Bible to slaves of Satan in other climes, and deny it to the slaves in your own land? Why seek to illumine India or China, while you doom to heathen darkness millions in your own country? Americans! by everything that is sacred and awful in our holy religion, we appeal to you to be consistent here. As you profess to be a Christian people, listen to the word of the Most High—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them"—"Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound"—"Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

Americans—Shall slavery continue? Shall the accursed system still live under the shadow of law—still be tolerated, fostered, propagated? Shall the foul blot still remain on your national escutcheon? Will you still forsake the good old paths of your fathers, and act as if you sought to quench the altar-fires of liberty which they enkindled? Will you continue to undo the work of patriots, reformers, philanthropists, and to affiliate with tyrants, traitors, usurpers, and man-stealers? Surely, it cannot be! Surely, an indignant nation will say, It shall not be!

Americans—Bear with us in our importunity. We love you as brethren; therefore do we plead with you. We love your magnificent country, your noble institutions, your spirit of progress; therefore do we plead with you. We love liberty, our dearest birthright and yours, for which our fathers and yours shed their blood—liberty, the birthright of all; therefore do we plead with you. We love Religion, and would see her divine and glorious form making triumphant progress through your land; therefore we plead with you. We love the image of Jesus, in his disciples, of whatever colour, and would not see that image in chains; therefore do we plead with you.

Americans—We know that there are difficulties in your way, but these are nothing in comparison with the measureless good to be achieved. Your moral influence, your position among the nations, and your glory as a people, will be all the more eminent and enduring, if, by one act of magnanimity, you trample these difficulties in the dust. Retrace, then, your steps, we entreat you! Give to the enslaved his inborn, inalienable rights. Give to the toiler the fruits of his toil. Give to the husband the wife of his bosom, and to the wife the husband of her youth. Give to the fond mother the child whom God has given to her. Give to immortal mind the priceless blessing of education. Give to the weary, the wretched and the lost, the light of life and the hope of eternal repose. Give to man the right of his own—free amongst his fellows, and accountable to his God. Then shall the Union Flag of Freedom float above a land without a slave! and the good upon earth will rejoice, and the God of heaven will bless you.

Signed by Ministers, Magistrates, and on behalf of 40,000 Scottish Remonstrants.

RUNAWAY SLAVES.

THE elopement of two favourite slaves belonging to Mr. Ball, of Covington, on one night last week, excited considerable talk over the river. The runaways were a man and his wife, valued at $2,000, and heretofore considered to be so well satisfied with their situation that they have very frequently been allowed to come to Cincinnati on errands or for their own pleasure. Of course, this, according to Judge Nelson's decision, makes them free people, as it was held in the case which he decided that whenever a negro came within our boundaries, he became subject to our laws. Slaves sometimes run away because they are apprehensive of being sold down the river, but in this case there could have been no such fears, as they were well treated and their master would on no account have parted with them.

We are informed, on good authority, that from two to twenty runaway slaves pass through this city every week upon the underground railroad. They are aided by the directors of that enterprise, but are occasionally caught by an association to recapture fugitives.

This last, we are told, has an agent even among the ultra-Abolitionists. They obtain early information from all sections of the South, and, acting in concert with parties in Kentucky, are able occasionally to catch runaways who chance to pass through Cincinnati.

By this means and the occasional kidnapping of free negroes, these associated negro-catchers make money. They have differed among themselves on two occasions recently, relative to the division of the spoils, and it is likely that so much has leaked out that their operations will hereafter be much thwarted. The managers of the underground railroad are so deeply in earnest that several of them have offered to give sums of from fifty to one hundred dollars for the detection of spies among them. As they would pay any amount of money for this information and the negro-catchers are generally worshippers of the mighty dollar, it is probable there are as many spies employed on the one side as on the other.

It is stated that the ramifications of the Underground Railroad are very extensive, even in the slave States, employing men who act from conscience, and also men who are governed by pecuniary profit alone.

Not a great while ago, an old Kentucky farmer was roused from sleep by a loud knocking at his door. Upon opening it, a man with haggard features, sunken eyes, and ragged clothes, asked shelter and food. This demand would never be made of a Kentuckian in vain, and of course the stranger was taken in. Food was set before him, and he ate as ravenously as if he had not tasted anything for days. He was then shown to bed, where he slept soundly until late the next moning. When he arose, and had eaten breakfast, he informed his host that he had, two days before, escaped from jail in another county, where he had been confined on the charge of aiding slaves to escape, and from his escape, had eaten nothing until the night before. He wished to remain for a day or two, until his strength was restored, and the pursuit for him slackened.

The host was a member of one of the twenty-seven Abolition churches of Kentucky, and, though he disapproved of the stranger's course, he was attracted by the earnestness of his manner, and his intelligence, and at once made him welcome.

The stranger stayed several days, and at last gave his host a narration of his life. He had been engaged in stealing slaves for fifteen years, and innumerable were the hair-breadth escapes, the dangerous positions, the sufferings and the perils he had passed through. The son of a Virginia slaveholder, he had, in youth, embraced the most ultra Abolition views. This made him the victim of a gross outrage, which he revenged by piloting a large company of slaves through to Canada. He was then 10 years of age, and never dared to return home except twice, when incognito he went back, and each time led off a gang of darkies. It was fifteen years ago that he had thus left home, and he told his host that during all that time he had done nothing but aid slaves to their freedom by escaping to Canada. He had been imprisoned many times; he had been shot and stabbed; had slept out in the open air night after night; had assumed all disguises, and had stolen men, women and children from the States, even as far South as Arkansas and Louisiana. He had been many times employed by negroes in Canada to steal those of their relatives who were still in bondage, and some of his most thrilling adventures occurred in the noted Red river country.

The Kentuckian to whom all this was told saw that the man was a monomania on this point, and that the very dangers which he braved, and his thus bringing together long severed families, was a strong incentive to continue in this perilous career. Without censuring, he advised the stranger to adopt some less dangerous avocation, and his arguments had such force that the negro-stealer seemed convinced. When his strength had been recruited, he was supplied with clothing, and induced to accompany the son of his host upon a boat which he owned, down to a certain point from whence he (the stranger) was to strike northward to his home. Grateful for the hospitality shown, he bade good bye and started on the boat, where nothing unusual happened until the second morning out, when the stranger was missing and was not heard of until he arrived in Canada with a gang of over twenty slaves that he had stolen. His old passion had returned.

This singular character was seen a short time since in Cincinnati, and we think it very likely that, by this time, Mr. Ball's slaves are under his guidance to the British dominions.—*The (Cincinnati) Columbian.*

CHOCTAW INDIANS AND THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THE Commissioners of the American Board of Foreign Missions (Presbyterian Church) who recently met at Hartford, Conn., declared by resolution that unless the Choctaw General Council repealed an act passed at the session of last year, prohibiting the missionary teachers in charge of schools in the nation from teaching slaves and the children of slaves in the same schools with Choctaw children, they would withdraw their teachers and such sums of money as they have been yearly contributing to aid in their support.

They intended their clergymen to go forth and preach the Gospel to all men, of whatever colour, in accordance with character and duty; and further declared that they would not desist or leave the nation until driven out by force. These proceedings have excited the Choctaws very much, and they appear united in the sentiment of utter condemnation of them.

Col. Harkins, the Chief of the Nation, in his message to his people, holds the following language on the subject. Harkins is described, in a letter in the New Orleans *Delta*, as a man of education, decided intelligence, and great boldness and energy of character. He says:

"It seems that the American Board of Missions, at its recent meeting, held at Hartford, Conn., had under consideration the school act of the last session of the General Council, and were so offended at it that they at once passed resolutions to dissolve their connection with the Choctaw schools.

"What are we to infer from this, but that they have had their secret designs, and possess a greater regard for the welfare of the slaves among us than for the Indians?

"There is no State in the South that would be willing for the Abolitionists to teach their slaves. They dare not attempt it. And is it because we are Indians they suppose they can have this privilege among us? If the Abolitionists are not satisfied to teach our children alone, then, I say, for one, let the connection between the American Board of Missions and ourselves be dissolved, and every Abolitionist be made to leave the nation at once. We have treated the missionaries sent among us by the American Board of Missions as well as ever missionaries were treated by any other enlightened people.

"We placed our children in their hands; we gave them lands to cultivate, and placed under their management our school fund—thus showing, on our part, not only a reliance upon their labours, but an open and confiding spirit. Never once have we persecuted them, or attempted to drive them from our country, even those whom we knew not to be good men. We have not prevented them from preaching.

"This has been the course pursued by the Choctaws towards the missionaries sent among us. But we had a right to pass laws prohibiting them from teaching our slaves, because, on this point, we knew them to be a dangerous people, who neither regard the laws of God nor man as binding upon their conduct or consciences. Because we have done this, the American Board of Missions looks upon it as an outrage, and declares its intention to withdraw its teachers from our schools.

"*Let it be done; and the sooner the better.* Let us look for missionaries and teachers from among men who will not attempt to prescribe our civil rights, and whom we can live with in peace and amity, and from whom we will have no fears that they will teach to our slaves anything beyond what the Apostles of Jesus Christ taught in their day.

"If, to please the Abolitionists, the Council should repeal the act which has given the American Board of Missions so much offence, you will see a party spirit arise among us which will not cease until every Abolitionist is driven out of the country.

"Repeal that act, and you at once agree to have your Council dictated to by the Abolitionists of the North. Our people need not fear that the schools will cease on account of the threatened withdrawal of the present teachers by the American Board of Missions. It was our money that brought them hither, and surely our money can bring us others as good, if not better."

FEDERAL USURPATION REBUKED.

SINCE the passage of the Fugitive bill, the Judges of the Courts of the United States for the Northern Circuits and Districts have shown themselves, with scarce a single exception, among the most supple tools of tyranny. They have trampled, as if with a real gusto, upon all the common law rights of citizens. The records of the infamous reign of Charles II. are hardly so much disgraced in this way as have been the administrations of Fillmore and Pierce. The appointment of Judges for life has been defended on the ground of securing independence. But it does not work in this way. The more desirable the office, the deeper the humiliations to which men will stoop to obtain it—a struggle in which the meanest always carry off the prize. In excessive prostration at the feet of the slave power, the paltriest village competitors for postmasterships and custom-house tide-waiterships have been out-done by Judges reputed to be learned in the law, and who also have the impertinence to claim to be Christians and gentlemen.

Nor is this all, or the worst. In their eagerness to catch and return runaway slaves, these federal Judges have not only totally disregarded the dearest rights of individuals, they have even disdainfully trampled under foot the rights of the States. Too many of the State courts have submitted patiently to these insults and usurpations. Massachusetts, we are sorry to say, was one of the first to bow her head and creep under the chains. We are rejoiced to see that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania is setting a better example—a circumstance the more noticeable as it was a Chief Justice of that State with whom originated the dangerous doctrine since so much abused, that in cases of alleged runaway slaves, the State courts have no right to interfere, even to protect the liberties of their own native born citizens.

Our readers will all recollect the famous Wilkesbarre case, in which a number of Pennsylvania slave-catchers, led on by the United States Marshal, perpetrated horrible acts of cruelty upon a poor negro, who, rather than trust himself to the justice of Mr. Commissioner Ingraham, retreated into the river, and refused to come out at the demand of the Marshal.

These scoundrels having been indicted by the Grand Jury of Luzerne County for assault and battery, and, having been arrested by the Sheriff, were set free on habeas corpus by that notorious bully, Judge Grier, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who uttered, on that occasion, as upon others, the most ferocious threats against any body who might presume—no matter by what authority—to interfere with his officers, laying it down as law that his officers might perpetrate no matter what cruelties in the execution of slave-holding warrants, and that he would uphold them and protect them from being called to account by anybody but himself, except in case, in which he might deem their violence excessive—a mere nominal exception, since it is hardly possible to conceive of a case which, in Judge Grier's view, would fall under that category. In fact, these United States bloodhounds had been twice arrested. The first time they were discharged by Judge Kane, of the District Court; it was upon a second arrest, made by a special order from the Supreme Court of the State, that the Cyclops, Judge Grier, kindly came to the rescue.

But the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania is not inclined to be thus snubbed. It seems to be made of rather sterner stuff than our Supreme Court here in Massachusetts. On a motion for an attachment against the sheriff for allowing the prisoners thus to be taken out of his hands, the Court has decided that Judge Grier was a tresspasser and a usurper, and the result will doubtless be a rearrest of the parties indicted.

Speaking of federal judges, we are glad to find it stated by the Cincinnati *Gazette* that the newspaper report that Judge McLean had approved a decision of some inferior tribunal that coloured men cannot sue in the Courts of the United States, is unfounded. The Judge admits, it is said, that in those States in which coloured persons are recognised as citizens, they may sue in the United States courts, but not so in those States (in which the Judge seems to indicate Ohio) where they are not so recognised.—*Boston Telegraph.*

A SLAVE AUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of the St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

ON Monday of the present week, I chanced to be in the beautiful, proud and wealthy capital of South Carolina. Every one who has been in Columbia must have been struck with the ducal grandeur of many of its mansions, and the air of splendid ease and fine taste displayed in the gardens that surround them—made enchanting by the richness of southern sunshine, flowers, odours, birds' songs and delicious fruits—while even the trading part of the town and the residences of the poor people are beautified by the dark luxuriant foliage of the magnolia, the cypress, the mock orange, or the crape myrtle with flowers that seem to be re-vivified from week to week, and bloom ever fresh and fair. Most of the houses are adorned with piazzas, which in the cool of the day are made joyous by the footsteps of the light-hearted and the gay. The southern outskirt of the town is made classical by the great University of the State, presided over by a man whose fame is confined neither to the capital, the State nor the country itself; while Seminaries and Academies for both sexes are numerous and well attended. The Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist and Catholic churches are elegant and tasteful; while the other public buildings (including the State-House now being erected, which, if completed, will be surpassed by few similar buildings in the Union), are in every way creditable to the town. Its daily newspaper (if shabbily edited) is at least well and neatly printed, with less scurrility and ignorance than characterizes the State press generally.

Glancing over the afore-mentioned journal (the *Carolinian*), on the morning in question, I observed a notice to the effect that a sale of valuable and likely negroes, of both sexes, would take place that morning at eleven o'clock, from the steps of the Court-House, by Messrs. March & Sharp. Being acquainted with men and women auctions only from reading, I determined—however painful it might be to the feelings, or revolting to the moral sense—to be a witness at this one. Accordingly, about fifteen minutes before the appointed hour, I left my hotel, and while yet within some distance of the Court-House, I already heard the loud, deep voice of the slave auctioneer, as he appraised his chattles, and rattled out—"Six hundred and fifty—no more than six hundred and fifty for this likely negro fellow—fifty-six—six hundred and sixty," &c., &c.

This was early on Monday morning.

Scarcely had the echoes of the high anthem that pealed from the Episcopal organ and choir, a few hours before, yet died away [illegible] Palmer's Presbyterian Church—yet hardly had the stars. And the unartistic, but loud and clear, psalm-shout that ascended from the throats of a thousand Baptist negroes the preceding Sabbath eve had as yet hardly had time (if time it takes) to mingle with the triumphal and eternal chorus of the harps of heaven.

Having so lately heard all these, with what harsh and grating discord did the horrid voice of the Man-seller shake the heavens and strike upon my ear.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

Of the auctioneer himself, I shall say nothing. As has been said of a kindred horror, so would I say of him, "Forever undescribed let it remain."

The sale took place on the steps of the Court of Justice (ironically so-called).

Of the seventy-five or one hundred persons that composed the bidders and on-lookers, such a collection is seldom seen this side of Erebus. There were groups of the petty merchants of the town, hard, close-fisted, money-loving, mean-looking men. There were a number of the poor Clay-Eaters, from the Sand Hills, who were easily distinguishable by their cadaverous, ashen-white and half-human appearance. There were the gross, vulgar and lecherous youths of the town. There were semi-souled hog-trotters, whose brogue (anything but "rich") and countenance told the delight with which they saw the "nagers" get what they deserved. There were two or three shrewd Jew speculators, with a broken foreign accent, who seemed to have more *monish* to bid on *the image of God at auction* than they could afford to expend upon the poor synagogue they have here. And (must I tell it? or shall I go backward and hide the shame?) there was a professed minister of God, with the badge of his order round his throat, and who, but a sun previous, had offered salvation and heaven to all.

—Bidding was tolerably swift, and competition keen.

—The first negro offered was a very dark middle-aged man, of, I should judge, about 40 years of age, whose care-worn, broken-down and dispirited countenance and deeply-wrinkled brow, intimated that the toil and trouble of at least twice forty years had been compressed into his brief existence. He went off at a pretty fair price. By-and-by another was put on the block—went off still better.

A middle-aged woman then mounted for her turn. She had a vacant, careless, stupid look—and as the auctioneer praised up her high qualities, a chaotic grin would now and then flit across her countenance. He declaimed about her, and continued repeating her praises, as "This splendid seamstress and cutter, Lucretia. She is a splendid seamstress and cutter. As a sewer and cutter, I am told Lucretia has no equal—besides being valuable as a housekeeper," &c. (Think of that, ye poor but *free* sewing girls! and you, also, ye hard-working but noble and free maidens of Lowell!) She was knocked down to a man who I learned is going to keep a tavern.

The next that came upon the steps was the last to be sold. She was a young woman, who (her owner and the auctioneer said) was just eighteen years of age. She was of a dark olive colour—not near so swarthy as the others had been. She had a very fine forehead, pleasing countenance and mild lustrous eyes. The auctioneer took off her hood to show her countenance, and, when she replaced it, again took it off, and, in appraising her, by word and action appealed to the lowest and basest passions of the assembled crowd. She clasped to her bosom a light-coloured, blue-eyed, curly silken haired child, only ten weeks old, and who, young as it was, seemed to cast a terrified look on auctioneer and bidders.

"The next is the girl Adeline. Gentlemen, did you ever see such a face, and head, and form as that (taking off her hood)? She is only 18 years old, and already has a child—a male child—10 weeks old—will consequently make a valuable piece of property for some one. She is a splendid housekeeper and seamstress."

The big tear stood glittering in the poor girl's eye—and at every licentious allusion, she cast a look of pity and of woe at the auctioneer and at the crowd—which was responded to only by a loud, unfeeling and brutal laugh. She was knocked down to—I know not who, for my eyes were too dim to discern. She descended from the Court-House steps, looked at her new master, looked at the audience, looked fondly into her sweet child's face, pressed it warmly to her bosom—with the auctioneer's hard-hearted remark ringing in her ear, that "*that* child wouldn't trouble her purchaser long."

I made my way to my temporary home, overpowered with a chaos of horrors. And when I entered the hall of the house, the merry glee and loud laugh of the female inmates at their own trifling wit and silly jokes, too plainly announced to me the fact that the dark-eyed and ebony daughters of the golden-rivered land of the plantain find but few on earth who will shed for their sorrows a sisterly tear. Surely, the sweet and blessed Virgins of the heavenly land will descend at times to comfort their woful hearts—while God himself will "gather their tears in his bottle."

EGO EMAUTON.

P. S. I, soon after, picked up Longfellow's Poems and read—

"There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel;
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal."

Do you blame me if at that moment I did *not* say, "God forbid it"?

PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM—WHAT NEXT?

WE have been fully aware of and have watched with interest the efforts made by the Federal officers of the Massachusetts district to bring about a change in the administration of the criminal law by the United States Court.

In this labour all the persons attached to that department, or hoping or expecting to be attached to it, have concurred with singular zeal and unanimity, from the judges on the bench down to the last batch of deputy marshals picked up in the stews and grog-shops, and hastily sworn into office—to preserve the Union.

It is from this quarter that proceeds the doctrine, hastily grabbed at, at Washington, but upon which no grand jury has yet been induced to act, that resistance to the Fugitive Slave act is constructive high treason.

It is from this quarter that has proceeded the more recent attempt (an offshoot from the former) to construe the Fugitive Slave act into a revival, by implication, of the old Sedition Act—for it is only on that ground that the indictment against Theodore Parker can be sustained.

From this quarter, too, have proceeded the attempts repeatedly made to reduce the petit jurors into mere puppets and automatons, of no other possible use except to serve as a sort of mask or screen from behind which the Judge and the District Attorney are to dictate the verdict—a doctrine which, to judge from the indictment above referred to, must have also been crammed down the throat of the grand jury (whose names will be found in another part of our paper) through whose agency that indictment has been obtained.

Of all these attempts against the liberties of the people we were fully aware; but we did not know till quite recently that President Pierce and Attorney-General Cushing, and the Senate of the United States, had so far entered into the conspiracy as to have already taken the preliminary steps for the total abolition of our system of penal law—the trial by jury of course included. This morning, however, we received through the post-office, by the courtesy of Senator Sumner, a Senate document, being a handsome octavo, containing a Report, by H. S. Sandford, late Charge de Affairs of the United States at Paris, on the "Penal Codes of Europe," and the "Administrative changes in France" introduced by Louis Napoleon—an investigation which would hardly have been undertaken except with a view to the improvement of our domestic system by the imitation of foreign models.

Undoubtedly they have a way of doing up criminal prosecutions, and especially those of a political character, in Germany, Italy, Russia and France, which it would give the most exquisite delight to our fugitive slave catchers, and doughfaces generally, *could* they but *introduce among us*. But the result of the recent elections, we [illegible] tained for abolishing the trial by jury, and delivering over all remonstrants against the Fugitive Slave act, whether by word or deed, to the tender mercies of our federal judges.—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT IN CHICAGO.

From the Chicago Press, Dec. 9.

DURING the forenoon, it was rumoured that warrants for some fifteen fugitives were in the hands of United States Marshal Col. Harry Wilton, and that an attempt would be made to arrest them during the day. It also leaked out, about noon, that, in anticipation of resistance, the Marshal had ordered the Light Guards, Capt. Wyman, and Company A of the National Guards, Captain Shirley, to assemble at their armory, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and to hold themselves subject to further orders. Of course these rumours spread very rapidly through the city. There was considerable going to and fro to arrive at the facts in the case, and crowds assembled at the street corners to discuss the matter and look out for whatever might occur. Towards 3 o'clock, P. M., it became known that the Light Guards had dispersed. It was also asserted that the claimants had left the city by the morning train for St. Louis, and, furthermore, that the fugitives, having got an intimation the day before of what was being done, were out of reach of the Marshal. After this, the crowds at the corners soon thinned off, and our streets resumed their usual appearance.

The facts in the case we learn to be substantially as follows: There were warrants in the hands of Colonel Wilton for four (not fifteen) fugitives. Two of these were issued some time ago—one as early as in October—the other two were of more recent date. The claimants had been in the city for more than a week, and had brought Colonel Wilton here, from his residence in Springfield, for the express purpose of making the arrests. The Colonel understands the state of popular sentiment here to be as we have described it above, and, as a matter of precaution, before proceeding to make the arrests, ordered the two military companies to hold themselves in readiness as above. Captain Wyman, of the Light Guard, was not in town, and the command of that company devolved upon Lieut. Harding. Not being satisfied of the Marshal's power to call the company out, Lieut. Harding, we understand, applied to Judge Dickey for his opinion upon the subject, which was readily given, and was to the effect that the Marshal had no such power. Upon bearing this opinion, the company dispersed.

The National Guards remained in their armory until it became apparent there would be no occasion for any warlike demonstrations on their part, and, not wishing to lose the day wholly, took advantage of the fine afternoon for parade duty. We could not learn why no attempt was made by the Marshal to execute the warrants, backed as he was by the military. It was said by some that the slaves had gone out of town, by others that they were secreted, and by still others that they had neither gone away nor were they secreted, but were engaged as usual in their ordinary employments. We know not which story was the true one, but we do know that no arrest was made, nor do we believe there was any direct attempt to execute the warrants.

GONE TO FREEDOM.

On Sunday evening, about nine o'clock, the seventeen fugitives from Missouri, whose attempted arrest created such an uproar in our city last week, marched to the dépôt of the Michigan Central Railroad in a body, took a car specially provided for the purpose, and arrived safely at Detroit, on Monday morning.

OUR RAILROAD UNDERGROUND.—Several of these mysterious tracks, we have been informed, are already laid in Iowa, and on some of them a brisk business has been done of late. Our Western road seems to have been more successful than others in the Eastern part of the State this fall. Within a very short time, we have heard of as many as fourteen that have passed over the track in the newly-settled portion of the State. One man writes us that his house is a regular dépôt, and that, in case of need, he keeps an extra engine of at least four-horse power. He also informs us that two of his horses have been poisoned to death, and that he has suffered much damage in property, through the agency of the opponents of this road, on account of his love for humanity and activity and skill in engineering. We have heard of one poor woman who missed the track, fell in with thieves and robbers, and was again remanded to chains of slavery. The inhuman monsters that claimed to be her master, armed with a double-barrelled gun and two revolvers, drove her back to Missouri, where she had fled for life, and liberty dearer than life, cursing and swearing most bitterly that her destination should be the rice swamps of Florida, and, doubtless, before this time, this crushed and mangled creature is suffering a living death amidst the graves of her countrymen.

Another, a man fifty-seven years old, is reported to have passed safely over the track to a land of freedom. The bloodhounds were close in pursuit, and, for the "thirty pieces," two one-horse merchants of a certain little town through which one branch of the road passes undertook to delay the fugitive, but the citizens promptly rescued him from their fiendish grasp, and taught the miscreants a lesson which they will long remember. This old man had buried the slave wife of his youth, and seen one by one of the last of eight children ruthlessly torn from his embrace, and sold for gold to enrich his master and satiate the lust or avarice of the buyer, and then he fled.—*Iowa True Democrat.*

EMANCIPATED SLAVES.

ON Friday week, the 10th inst., Doctor C. D. Everett and George Carr, Esq., the former executor of the estate of his uncle, Dr. Everett, left the neighbonrhood of Charlottsville, Va., having in charge some forty emancipated slaves, of the estate of the latter, and, taking the railroad through Virginia, Washington, Baltimore and Pennsylvania, arrived at New Castle, on Sabbath morning, a distance of about 550 miles, where wagons were procured, and they were conveyed to Mercer county, where "local habitations" were provided for them—land having been purchased for them by the executor, some months previous. Two farms have been purchased and divided among several of the families, five miles south of Mercer; one family goes a mile north, and a mechanic, a blacksmith, locates in Mercer. There are two other smiths who will locate south of Mercer.

Dr. E. died in 1848, and, by his will, his slaves were to be emancipated in five years, and a fund of $75,000 was set apart to settle them in a free State—each to share alike, from the youngest to the eldest. This fund amounted to about $80,000 at the time of their liberation, giving them $2,000 each. A portion of this, some of them expended in the purchase of wives, husbands and children, belonging to other estates, making the whole number upwards of fifty. The heads of families and others arrived at their majority have had lands purchased for them, and the money of the minors is placed at interest, a portion of which is to be expended for their boarding, clothing and education.

The deeds are drawn in the names of the parties, and assigned by them in trust to the executor—the rents, profits, &c., to go to their benefit. Thus, while ample provision is made for their immediate wants, and with industry they will have enough and to spare, yet care has been taken to prevent them squandering their means, or becoming a prey to those who may wish to take advantage of them. This is eminently just and proper; for their manner of life hitherto has not been such as to qualify them for holding their own in the rough and tumble of life. They know little of the value of property, and, until they get more experience, it could be easily parted from them. Those who are desirous of running up accounts with them, therefore, will bear in mind that they do so on their own responsibility, as they will not have their property to fall back upon.

The executor has shown commendable interest in their behalf—in their location, the purchase of property, the advantages offered, both to old and young, and we trust that his expectations of their *future well-doing may be more than realized.—Mercer (Pa.) Freeman.*

To the Editor of the Telegraph.

DR. JOHN V. DE GRASSE handed a paper to me, yesterday, a copy of which I enclose for publication. The person named in this certificate is a *coloured* man (the father of the Doctor), who came to this country more than fifty years ago, and has ever since resided in the City of New York. It appears that George DeGrasse was properly and legally naturalized. For more than fifty years he has regularly voted in the elections of United States and State officers. This is the only instance I know of where a *coloured* alien has received a certificate of naturalization under our laws. I suppose no man will deny Mr. DeGrasse's citizenship, as he has been solemnly declared to be a citizen by a Court of competent jurisdiction. The original certificate is in my possession, and can be seen by any one who may desire to look at it. ROBERT MORRIS.

"CITY OF NEW YORK, ss.

"Be it remembered that George DeGrasse, of the city of New York, servant, who hath resided within the limits and jurisdiction of the United States for the term of five years, and within this State of New York for the term of one year at least, appeared in the Court of Common Pleas, called the Mayor's Court, and which is a common law court of record held in and for the city and county of New York, in the State of New York, on Thursday, the fifth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and four, and having made proof to the satisfaction of the said court that he is a person of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same, and having in the said Court taken the oath prescribed by law to support the Constitution of the United States, and did in open Court absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly to the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of whom he was then a subject, the said George DeGrasse was thereupon, pursuant to the laws of the United States in such case made and provided, admitted by the said Court to be, and he is accordingly to be, considered a citizen of the United States.

"Given under the seal of the said Court the day and year above written.

"L. S. *Per curiam*
"T. WOODMAN, Clerk."

—*Boston Telegraph.*

VERMONT AGAINST KIDNAPPING.

No. 52.—AN ACT for the Defence of Liberty and for the Punishment of Kidnapping.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

SEC. 1. Every person who shall falsely and maliciously declare, represent or pretend that any free person within this State is a slave, or owes service or labour to any person or persons, with intent to procure, or to aid or assist in procuring, the forcible removal of such free person from this State as a slave, shall pay a fine of three thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the State Prison not less than five years: *Provided,* that nothing in this act shall be construed as applying to any claim of service from an apprentice for a fixed time.

SEC. 2. No declaration, representation or pretence, that any person being or having been in this State is or was a slave, shall be deemed proved except by the testimony of at least two credible witnesses, testifying to facts directly tending to establish the truth of such declaration, representation or pretence, or by legal evidence equivalent thereto: and any person who, upon any trial arising under this act, shall falsely and wilfully represent or pretend, with intent to aid any party accused under this act, that any person was or is a slave, or owes or did owe service or labour to any person or persons, shall pay a fine of three thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the State Prison not less than five years.

SEC. 3. On the trial of any prosecution arising under this act, no deposition shall be received as evidence.

SEC. 4. Every person who shall obstruct any officer in the service of any warrant issued in accordance with this act, or who shall aid in the escape of any person accused under this act, while pursued by such officer, or in his custody, shall be imprisoned in the State Prison not less than one year.

Approved, November 14, 1854.

THE VERY PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

The land of the free, and the home of the brave, so far as it is contained in South Carolina, has just been signalized by new achievements. It seems, according to the Columbia correspondence of the Charleston *Standard*, that "an amiable gentleman, of the name of Reuben Smalle, who has the good or ill-fortune to be born in Massachusetts, had been in the habit, for several years prior to 1851, of coming, in the winter season, to the seaboard of the State to cut live-oak, and, by the winter of 1851, he had so conducted himself as to have inspired certain citizens of Beaufort District with some distrust of his influence over the slave population in the neighbourhood of his operations." What act or acts, if any, excited these suspicions are not related. Mr. Smalle, accordingly, moved his operations to the neighbourhood of Ashepoo Ferry, in Colleton District. The citizens there determined to prevent him, and when he presented himself at Tar Bluff, to cut timber off the lands of Mrs. Elizabeth Pinckney—with whom he had made a contract to that effect—they ordered him away; but he returned, and began to cut. They then arrested him under a charge of larceny—"a rope having been found in his possession which belonged to a gentleman in the neighbourhood"—and sent him to Walterboro' Jail. Under a writ of *habeas corpus* he was liberated, and, being discharged, commenced suits against the parties. These proceeded again on the charge of larceny, under which he was convicted, and sentenced to receive five lashes. A pardon was offered him if he would pay the costs (it would seem that his persecutors believed the accusation of larceny false), and the prosecutors tendered him the money, which he would not receive, but took the whipping. This completed, he commenced suit in the Federal Court against "C. B. Farmer, J. A. Warren, Paul Fripp, M. Godfrey, and R. Reynolds, men of character and standing"—the prosecutors, as related.

Mr. Pettigru, to his eternal honour, plead the cause of the poor wood-chopper, with such effect that the Jury brought in a verdict of $2,500. The correspondent of the *Standard* remarks: "That a Jury of the State should have rendered a verdict for the plaintiff in the cause, and the citizens of the country should submit to its enforcement, are facts worthy of the palmiest days of the Roman Republic." From this we should judge that the average sentiment of justice is so low that it requires the eloquence of a Pettigru to bring it up to the sticking-place. We hear of no detailed instances of Abolitionism; nothing but "suspicion" cited against the sufferer, and no proof that the rope, worth probably a sixpence, was stolen—nothing, absolutely nothing of the kind; and so the Jury gave their verdict accordingly. Mr. Farmer, one of the defendants, upon the rendition of the verdict, became a candidate for Commissioner in Equity, for Colleton District, and was elected by a large majority. The correspondence from which we take these facts speaks of the approval which is now largely given, and argues that slavery is the best kind of labour, and that the slave-trade should be opened directly with Africa. So goes the Republic in that quarter.

—Another interesting slavery item is contained in the Detroit *Advertiser*, detailing the escape of fourteen chattels by the Underground Railroad; and stating that since the 6th of May last, 1,482 fugitives have crossed the river at that point for the soil of Canada. Thus, the affection with which the subjects of the institution cling to its blessings does not appear to be on the rise. The Chicago *Democrat* relates that one of the above fourteen was a young woman, nearly white, possessing great personal charms, of good education and lady-like manners; and reported to be the natural daughter of a well-known citizen of St. Louis (whose name we do not repeat, as it is given as simply a rumour), and was about to be sold for purposes of prostitution to a Southern man. But she was married by a Roman Catholic clergyman in Chicago to a white man from St. Louis, notwithstanding the penalty, by law, of $500 for such an alliance. Romantic this and honourable to—Canada.

The Southern papers have their quota of offers for sale of men, women and children, lands, hogs, carts, horses, mules, &c., all mixed in the lists. We have now before us one such, from the *Pointe Coupée Echo* (La.), in which two tracks of land, a great number of carts and mules, and eighty-five slaves, of different ages and sexes, are offered for sale to the highest bidder; the slaves, mules and carts to be paid for on the 1st of March next. But the most interesting of these advertisements are the following which we cut from the New Orleans *Picayune*, where by some strange principle of contrast, they follow after the annual message of the President:

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—The house-servant ELIZABETH, 28 years old, of English rearing, but speaking French, having runaway, the above reward will be paid to any one bringing her back to me, at the corner of History and Love sts., No. 44. She is red-skinned, has good teeth, is stout, walks heavily, is about five feet high, has a pimple or tumour at the end of one ear, about the size of a small pea, and cicetrix on the stomach.

JULIE VOISIN.

SLAVES — SLAVES. — Just arrived and for sale, 85 young and likely NEGROES, from Carolina—among them are Field Hands, Mechanics, House-Servants.

[illegible], No. 150 Gravier st.

Still more remarkable, as an illustration of the working of the peculiar institution, is a case which has just been tried in Indiana, under the slave-catching law of 1850. The defendant, Benjamin Waterhouse, was tried for aiding slaves to escape, and one Cyrus Fillmore, brother of President Fillmore, was the chief witness against him. It appeared that in August, 1853, Waterhouse passed through the town of Orland, in a wagon, having three coloured persons with him, and Fillmore, seeing them, inquired of Waterhouse "if he was on the Underground Railroad?" to which the latter, as Fillmore says, answered "Yes." On suspicion that the men were fugitive slaves, and that Waterhouse was helping them away, he was indicted nearly a year since, but the indictment was quashed; there being no proof either that the men were slaves, or that Waterhouse knew them to be so, or was helping them to run away. Mr. Robinson, the Marshal of Indiana, was, however, determined not to let the matter end thus, and accordingly he hired Fillmore to go to Canada with one Payne, from Kentucky, the son of the supposed owner of the negroes, in order to find them there, and see if he could identify them as the men in the wagon with Waterhouse. Payne found one of his slaves, and Fillmore thought he had seen him with Waterhouse, but could not swear positively to his identity. However, on this evidence Waterhouse was again indicted, and, week before last, had his trial. The proceedings lasted three days—Mr. Waterhouse being defended by George W. Julian and E. H. Bracket. The influence of the Court was cast against the defendant with a bitterness reminding one of the days of Jeffrey, but the Jury could not be made to convict him. Their verdict was that he should pay a fine of fifty dollars, and be imprisoned one hour in the court-room—the Government paying the costs; and it is said that they refused to impose even this trifling fine until the Court had promised to remit it, which was accordingly done. So ended this attempt to enforce slave laws in a free State—an attempt in which we know not who can claim the distinction of the greatest baseness, the Judge, Marshal Robinson, or Mr. Cyrus Fillmore. Perhaps the part of Fillmore seems rather fouler and more shameful than that of the others, but we must remember that they were working for pay as well as he.

We commend these facts to the meditation of our readers. After perusing them, we doubt whether they will be particularly desirous of lending their support to the slave American party in its policy of allowing "no more discussion of slavery."—*Tribune.*

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION.

New York, Dec. 1, 1854.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

Dear Sir: At an annual meeting of the New York City Bible Society, on the 27th ult., the Hon. G. P. Marsh, late United States Minister at Constantinople, one of the speakers on the occasion, is thus reported in the *Tribune*:

"He said the Mohammedans, Greeks and Armenians of the Levant offered a new and extensive field for the dissemination of the Scriptures. The difficulties that lie in the way of convincing the Mussulman of the value of the Bible, he thought were rather fictitious than real. In the main, he receives the morality of the Bible—the essence of the Koran being but little different from that of the Pentateuch. In proof of this, he read the call of the Moslem to prayer. *He contended that their theology enjoined even greater reverence for the Divine Being and His injunctions than that of either the Jew or the Christian. In the moral influence of the Koran upon the Mussulman, the speaker gave it precedence over that exercised by the moral precepts of the Bible upon the Christian.*"

Thus it appears that the New York City Bible Society, through one of its chosen advocates, makes the strange, startling and humiliating confession that the theology of the Mohammedan is superior to that of the Christian, and the moral influence of the Koran upon the Mussulman greater than that of the Bible upon the Christian! In other words, that Mohammedanism is a better religion than Christianity, and the Turk more moral and religious than the Christian! What a solemn farce, what base hypocrisy, in the face of such a confession, to be making efforts to distribute the Bible among mankind, especially among the Mohammedans! Why not publish and distribute the Koran?

Ah! I think I now comprehend the Christian argument for slavery, and the reason why slaves are better Christians than other people—*they do not read the Bible.*—W. H. B.—*Liberator.*

A Sweet Morsel.—The Petersburg (Va.) *Intelligencer*, of Oct. 21, contains the following amiable paragraph:

"Demonism.—We observe a paragraph, in one of our exchanges, which states that that notorious emissary of Satan, who goes under the name of the *Rev.* Henry Ward Beecher, preached a sermon at the Plymouth Church, on Sunday last, in which he alluded to the loss of the Arctic, and ascribed it to the wrath of the Almighty, thus poured out upon the heads of the shipping merchants, for supporting the Fugitive Slave law. If he did give public utterance to such a sentiment, and left the pulpit without bodily injury, it must only have been because he addressed a gang of devils like himself. Such a monster in human shape deserves to have a millstone fastened around his neck, and pitched into the middle of the Atlantic ocean."

This elegant extract should be preserved. When Virginia shall have become a *free* State, and her lands shall have risen in value from five dollars an acre to a hundred; when her now comparatively useless rivers shall be made to work their way from the mountain to the ocean over innumerable wheels; when there shall be schools and academies enough to educate their children at home without sending them North; when men shall no longer take slaves for concubines, and raise their sons and daughters for exportation; and the Old Dominion, after her long degeneracy, shall have come back to a condition worthy of her former history; then such a paragraph as this will become an antiquarian gem. In the *then* civilization men will point back to the barbarism of ideas now prevalent and measure their growth proudly by the distance which they shall have travelled from such vulgar and impotent tyranny as this expresses.

But we cannot forbear presenting our compliments to the editor of the Petersburg *Intelligencer*, and inviting him to our pew when next he comes to New York. We cannot promise him very smooth things, nor things very consolatory to his present condition; but we shall be most happy to show him what hospitality can exist among that "gang of devils" of which Plymouth Church is made up; and then, if he will accept the poor service of a bed and a plate at the house of that "notorious emissary of Satan, who goes under the name of *Rev.* Henry Ward Beecher," we shall hope to change his ideas in respect to demoniac agency, and send him back at length with kinder feelings and with a better stock of ideas than he seems now to have on the subject of the liberty of speech and toleration of opinions. At any rate, he need not fear that he will be any *worse* for his visit—that would seem impossible.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1854.

WHAT WE PROPOSE DOING.

The evil and perverse generation in which the lot of the Abolitionists is cast is never weary of asking them for *a plan*. Even the Slaveholders themselves, in the old days when it had not been discovered that it was always safe and practicable and easy to cease to do evil, used to say to the Speech-makers and Sermon-preachers who attacked Slavery, in Congress or from the pulpit, "All that you say is very true. Slavery is a great moral evil. But what are we to do? Show us your plan. Give unto us a sign." And the honest men said, "Sure enough! what can these poor people do? They are pious, patriotic, well-disposed citizens; but they are the slaves of their circumstances." And so the blacks remained the slaves of their circumstances, and have so continued even unto this hour. But when men appeared, not dwelling in kings' palaces, nor holding the high places in the synagogues, neither rulers nor chief priests, and proclaimed that the Rights of the Slave were as perfect as those of the Master, and that they should be restored to him at once, as a matter of absolute duty, the true chord was touched, an echo was awakened in every heart, and silence could never settle down again over the *heart and* conscience of the nation and brood there as of yore. And that this was so, was proved by the very attempts made to drown both voice and echo in [illegible] the theatre with their cries of "great is Diana" until their own minds and hearts had told them that the truths they had heard were of power sufficient to take away their craft.

And then, and since, the demand has been for "our plan." But, as no sign was given to the Jews of old, so no plan will be given to those of this froward generation. It is the essential virtue of a Moral Reform that it can have no plan as long as it exists only in ideas. The principle must first be demonstrated, or rather enunciated, and commended to the consciences of men, and it will take the form of a plan as soon as it is ready for one. If a source of *malaria* exists in a neighbourhood, spreading disease and death on every side, the first thing to be done is to awake the attention of the people to their danger, to show them the evil and the necessity of removing it. As soon as they have been aroused to a sense of these necessities, their hands will find out what to do, and how to do it, fast enough. In the case of a long-established and inveterate mischief, which they have learned to love and to look upon as a fountain of strength and health instead of weakness and disease, it would be impossible at the outset for the Reformer to indicate the precise method by which it should be eliminated from the jurisdiction. And all persons who should attempt to mix up this physiological or physical reformation with the factions in Church or State, and try to persuade the people to hasten the day of deliverance by joining this sect or voting with that party, would but stand in the relation of Quacks and Empirics towards the Good Physician. They might sometimes serve to mark the changing tide of opinion, and measure the ebb and flow of the general mind; but they would have no more potency in producing it than the Nilometer had in causing the inundations of the Great River.

The Abolitionists have never wasted their brains or their time in contriving ingenious details of the Coming Emancipation, which they could not foresee, and which would be sure to disappoint them. They have laboured, in season and out of season (as the slaveholders have thought), to show that no man can, under any possible or imaginable circumstances, be rightfully held as a slave; that every man has received from his Creator the lawful control of his own body and mind; and that whoever, under whatever pretence, claims to strip him of them is a robber of the most malignant type and the most abominable wickedness. They have shown that the wickedness of the relation proves itself out of its own mouth and by its own fruits. Ten thousand arguments and ten million facts throng to show that Slavery works degradation to the master as well as to the slave; that it curses the soil wherever its foot is set; that it crushes out religion, morality and education; that it diminishes the happiness and the wealth of the millions that a few hundreds may riot in luxury; and that its fatal influences reach far beyond the physical frontier that contains it, and robs every inhabitant of the land of a portion of his consistency, his self-respect, his humanity, his honour, his religion. But all these things the Abolitionists have regarded but as the necessary logical consequences of the toleration of the cause. They see and acknowledge the evils that flow from Slavery, to themselves as well as to the slaves; but they also see and acknowledge in them the just punishments of crime or of complicity, and recognise in them the hand of God pointing to Repentance and the forsaking of our evil ways as the only escape from them. It is the Slave and not himself that fills the eye of the true Abolitionist, as he fixes it on the great drama which is now acting itself out, with the Continent for a scene.

This is the true key which unlocks the secrets of the Anti-Slavery Movement. This is the solution of the enigma which the Abolitionists have been to the American People. They have endeavoured to put themselves in the Slave's place. They have attempted to weigh all things, as it were, in his balances. They have not taken counsel of flesh and blood, and consulted the blind and lying oracles of temporary expediency. Whatever crushed the slave, they knew to be false and wicked, by whatsoever name it might baptize itself, or in whatever mask conceal its face. By this unerring test they have tried what named itself the Church of Christ, and they found it to be a synagogue of Satan. They denied not Christ or His Church, but that men who made merchandise of His brethren, and denied them all just knowledge of Him, that their ownership might be the surer, were not of Him, but of the Adversary. And so of those who, in pulpit or professor's chair, preached the Gospel of Slavery, and baptized the unclean thing into the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. They refused to hold fellowship with these unfruitful works of darkness, and separated themselves from them forever. So, when they saw that the political institutions of the country were made the citadel of Slavery, contrived to shelter and comfort and protect it forever, and that all the inhabitants were called upon to be its garrison and defenders, they refused to recognise as a Republican government institutions which rested on the denial of their right to themselves of one-sixth of the inhabitants. When they saw that they could hold no office under the government without consenting to these things, they refused to enter into those wicked obligations themselves, or to appoint others to assume them on their behalf. They have refused to listen to the voice of political charmers, how wisely soever they might charm. They would not cast in their lot with Clay, nor with Taylor, nor with Scott, nor yet with the Free Soilers or the Know-Nothings. And their wisdom has been justified by its fruits.

But how do you propose to effect the Abolition of Slavery if you refuse to use the necessary means? We propose to do our work by the use of means, and the only means, fitted to our end. Our business is to make continual claim for the stolen rights of the Slaves; to make this guilty nation forever mindful of the three million innocent victims it keeps chained in the Southern prison-house, for its own imagined safety and gain; to make it impossible that the existence of the Slaves should ever be forgotten again. The Abolitionists stand in the place of the Slave, pleading his cause, pointing to his wounds, demanding the restoration of his rights, and denouncing the judgments of God on all who molest and consume him. The Abolitionists are the Conscience of this wicked nation, calling on it to repent. They cannot leave their vocation to be seared with the hot iron of sectarian struggles or partisan conflicts. They know that Slavery exists because the people love it, and think it for their own advantage. They know, too, that as soon as the mind and heart of the people is changed, the outward institutions will change with them. To help to bring about this change is our Plan. As soon as the American People are in earnest and resolved to be rid of Slavery, they will provide the Method without our help. All half measures are useless, or worse. An uncompromising, unsparing, unselfish Testimony against Slavery, and the consenting to it of the Nation, is what the Time demands, and, God helping us, the Time shall have its need.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY AND ITS EXPURGATED TRACTS.

A correspondent at Norristown, Pa., in a recent letter [illegible] the American Tract Society has been charged with expurgating a few sentences, in relation to Slavery, from a work written on Love to God by the late Mr. Gurney. I understand that the Secretary of the Society at Philadelphia denies the charge, and claims that the work published by the Society was prepared for them by Mr. Gurney himself, and that it was published without alteration. Having seen the charge in anti-slavery books and papers, and never having seen it denied, I supposed it was admitted. Will you inform me, through the *Standard* or otherwise, whether the Society did make the alteration?"

As our correspondent farther says he does not wish to knowingly accuse others of what they are not guilty, any more than to be deceived himself, we presume he wishes to know whether the Tract Society has ever so mutilated and emasculated any book as it is accused of having done by this of Mr. Gurney. But we will answer both questions.

In Mr. Gurney's "Habitual Exercise of Love to God," on page 142 of the original edition, is the following passage:

"If this love had always prevailed among professing Christians, where would have been the sword of the Crusader? Where the African Slave Trade? Where the odious system which permits to man a property in his fellow-men and converts rational beings into marketable chattels?"

In the Tract Society's edition the passage stands thus:

"If this love had always prevailed among professing Christians, where would have been the sword of the Crusader? Where the tortures of the Inquisition? Where every system of oppression and wrong by which he who has the power revels in luxury and ease at the expense of his fellow-men?"

The special allusion to the Slave Trade and to Slavery, it will be observed, is totally suppressed, and the thought in Mr. Gurney's mind travestied by a general reference to oppression and wrong which means nothing.

How came it to be so changed? Perhaps it was done by Mr. Gurney. We are willing to concede that it was probably done by him, inasmuch as the Secretary of the Tract Society denies that the Society did it. But is it likely that Mr. Gurney would make such an alteration unless it had been suggested to him? We think not. Why should he? What motive could he have? But, on the other hand, the Tract Society has a motive, it is in the habit of making such expurgations, and the probability is that it induced Mr. Gurney to consent to this, if not to make it with his own pen. Perhaps that consent was gained on the plea that the tract would be of great use and redound to the glory of God, if the Society printed it, but that it could not print it unless the change was made. Who knows? The Secretary; but the Secretary only makes such revelation as pleases him.

But did the Society ever make any such expurgation? We have before us a Remonstrance of a church in Hartford against the policy of the Tract Society, and from it we learn some facts touching this matter. The Society, it seems, has reprinted the well-known "Essays to do Good," by the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather, declaring, in the Preface,

"In this edition, such portions of the original essays are omitted, and such changes have been made in the phraseology, as might be expected after the lapse of more than a century since the work was written."

The natural inference from this language is that nothing had been omitted which could be of any interest to the reader of our time—a change, by-the-bye, in itself bad enough, and a liberty with any author not often excusable. But that is not all. On page 44 of the Tract Society's edition is this passage:

"O that the souls of our servants were more regarded by us! that we might give a better demonstration that we despise not our own souls, by doing what we can for the souls of our servants. How can we pretend to Christianity, when we do no more to christianize our servants?"

Now, if the reader will read this as Cotton Mather wrote it, and for "*servants*" substitute the word "*slaves*," he will find a difference, and still greater will he find it if, after the word '*servants*' at the end of the first sentence he will add what Cotton Mather wrote, and what the Tract Society has altogether suppressed, namely:

"and not using them as if they had no souls! That the poor slaves and blacks which live with us may, by our means, be made the candidates of the heavenly life!"

And from the same page with this passage there is dropped by the Tract Society this whole paragraph:

"But if any servant of God may be so honoured by him as to be made the successful instrument of obtaining from a British Parliament 'an Act for the Christianizing of the slaves in the plantations,' then it may be hoped something more may be done than has yet been done, that the blood of souls may not be found in the skirts of our nation; a controversy of heaven with our colonies may be removed and prosperity may be restored; or, however, the honourable instrument will have unspeakable peace and joy in the remembrance of his endeavours. In the meantime, the slave trade is a spectacle that shocks humanity.

The harmless natives basely they trepan,
And barter baubles for the souls of men;
The wretches they to Christian climes bring o'er
To serve worse heathens than they did before."

This is an act of the Tract Society of old date, and the Remonstrance of the Fourth Congregational Church, of Hartford, mentions a curious incident in connection with it. This book of Mather's remained out of print for a long period, after its first publication, till it was republished in England under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Burder. The passages above cited he also omitted, remarking, however, in a foot-note, that he did so, because happily they were no longer applicable to his own country (England). This edition of Mr. Burder was followed in the reprints of the "Essays" in this country, including the foot-note, till the Tract Society took it in hand, when that was omitted, as well as the passages to which it referred. "The English editor," remarks the Remonstrance, "made omissions because they were *inapplicable* to his country; but you (the Tract Society) suppressed the same passages because they were *applicable to yours!*"

Another and more recent instance of the peculiar manner in which the Tract Society shrouds the truth is mentioned in the Remonstrance. The Society has published an edition of the memoir of Mary Lundie Duncan, and the following passage, to be found on page 67 of the English edition, is altogether omitted:

"We have been lately much interested in the emancipation of slaves. I never heard eloquence more overpowering than that of George Thompson. I am most thankful that he has been raised up. O that the measure soon to be proposed in Parliament may be effectual."

On page 87 of the same edition is another reference to the departure of "George Thompson, the eloquent pleader for the abolition of slavery," on a visit to this country, and this the Tract Society also strikes, out, as well as these lines which Mary Lundie Duncan addressed to him on that occasion:

"Yet go, heaven-favoured hero go!
Pursue your glorious plan;
Abridge the weight of human wo,
And raise the slave to *man.*

"Heaven bless your cause! your country's prayers
Attend you o'er the sea!
Go, break the chain that slavery wears
And bid the oppressed be free."

Again, in other places, similar suppressions are made relating to the emancipated West Indian Negroes as "no more degraded lower than the brutes—no more bowed down with suffering from which there is no redress," and as now being able to "seek the sanctuary fearless of the lash" and "to call their children their own."

Now, to all this the Secretary of the Tract Society would probably reply, as in the case of Mr. Gurney's book, that whatever changes were made, were made with the consent of the author; and the Remonstrance adds, "we hear that the authoress has recently consented to have the book remain on your (Tract Society's) list thus altered, *rather than have it wholly suppressed.*" But, it adds, —and we presume it does not speak without authority—"we *know* that the author, Mrs. Lundie, while in this country, was seen by one of your Secretaries before the Society republished the work and though urged to consent to this mutilation, absolutely refused, declaring that the lines sought to be [illegible] were precious to her for their sentiment and for her daughter's sake; that the Secretary then reminded her that, as there was no copyright for it in this country, the Society could go on and publish it in such form as they pleased; and that she replied that she knew she was in their power and they could do as they pleased."

Our correspondent, we have no doubt, is herein satisfactorily answered. The evidence against the Tract Society is strong enough to hang it if the maiming of books were a capital crime.

THE BURNS-RENDITION CASES.

Wendell Phillips was arrested on Friday last and brought before Judge Sprague of the United States District Court, in Boston, to answer to an indictment found against him for participating in the Faneuil Hall meeting of May last, and hence obstructing a "lawful process" for the rendition of Anthony Burns. He gave bail in $1,500 for his appearance to answer to the indictment, on the first Monday in March next—Messrs. George W. Phillips, Samuel May, H. Ingersoll Bowditch, Robert E. Apthorp, Francis Jackson and Charles Ellis becoming his sureties. We congratulate Mr. Phillips upon the opportunity likely to be afforded him of making his mark upon a very interesting page of his country's history. If the Court can only muster courage to *try* the indictment, we shall have nothing more to ask on behalf of the accused.

We have already noticed the arrest of Rev. Theodore Parker, John C. Cluer, Rev. T. W. Higginson and Martin Stowell. Mr. Parker, like Mr. Phillips, was arraigned for what he said in the Faneuil Hall meeting, while the others are charged, we believe, with having actually participated in the attack upon the Court-House, for the purpose of rescuing Burns. Messrs. Higginson and Stowell reside in Worcester. The *Greenfield* (Mass.) *Republic* states that Marshal Freeman wrote to some friend in Worcester, inquiring if it would be *safe* to send a deputy to arrest those gentlemen. He was answered that it would *not* be safe, for all the power he could raise would not be enough to enable him to execute his precept. The Marshal then wrote to the accused themselves, stating that he had warrants for their arrest, and requesting them to deliver themselves up; whereupon they immediately went to Boston, at their own expense, were arraigned, and gave bonds for trial!

The indictment of Parker and Phillips is one step in a scheme for destroying freedom of speech by the usurped power of the Judiciary. It is a scheme which is far from having the sanction of public opinion even in Boston, if we may judge from the tone of the press. The Boston *Transcript*, for example, notices the arraignments in these terms:

"For the benefit of our distant readers, no less than for the character and reputation of our city, we desire to state that as far as we can ascertain, the sentiment of Whigs, Democrats, Free Soilers and Know-Nothings, the arraignment of the orators at the Faneuil Hall meeting is regarded here as the veriest judicial farce enacted in Boston for an age. It is a stupid blunder on the part of the U. S. officials, and can only redound to increase the slavery agitation. The great mass of our citizens of all parties, we are convinced, have no more sympathy with the arraignments of the orators in question than they had with the mob who broke into the Court-House, or the unwise meeting in Faneuil Hall, during the slave excitement. The mob and the meeting were both ill-judged and impolitic. The indictment of the speakers is equally foolish, injudicious and ill-advised. A man of generous impulses is forgiven when he commits an error; but the gag law will not be tolerated in this community, and those who undertake to enslave our own people assume a difficult task."

The Boston *Telegraph*, in an article copied on the first page, speaks in fitting terms of the objects sought to be effected by these prosecutions.

We observe, also, that the Hon. John P. Hale, in his Anti-Slavery Lecture, delivered in Boston on Thursday of last week, took occasion to express his sentiments in regard to this subject as it stands connected with the Right of Trial by Jury. He went at large into the history of this Right and of the efforts of Judges, at various times, to nullify it by denying to juries the power to judge of the law as well as the facts. We copy the following from the *Telegraph's* report of Mr. Hale's remarks:

"The Abolitionists came up next, and a question was framed for the jurors in such cases whether they have doubts or scruples as to the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law which would prevent their finding a verdict of guilty, and if they had they were set aside. A greater insult, the speaker said, was never offered to a Massachusetts man, and it ought to have been resisted on the spot [applause]. I am a man of peace, said Mr. Hale, I have submitted to a great deal of abuse; but if ever put in such a situation, and such a question is put to me, I would say to the Judge, 'Sir, the question is an insult, and I resent it as such, and my coming in here in obedience to the law does not authorize you to insult me' [applause]. But suppose the Judge says that is talk he don't like to hear, and here is a precedent, you are fined $133. Let Massachusetts jurymen treat such an insult as it deserves [great applause].

"What next? The Judge commits him. Good, good! I would thank him for it. Oh, how I should like to be imprisoned for such a thing as that. Let the Judge send a man to prison for that, and it will wake up a sentiment that will settle the matter right. I tell you we have occasion for all the blood and all the spirit and heart that has come down to us from our revolutionary history.

"What a grand thing it would have been in revolutionary times if the British Government would have got a Boston Grand Jury to indict Sam Adams or James Otis, for speaking treason in Faneuil Hall, and traitorously and feloniously resisting the Stamp Act! But they had no chance. Juries were then independent, and one of the prominent charges against King George, which led to the Declaration of Independence, was, that he had tried to deprive us of the right of trial by jury.

"We still have the same right of trial by jury which our fathers brought over. One would suppose that now jurors are made doughfaces, slaveholders would not be much afraid of them; but they fear the very ghost of a jury trial. The difference between the law as applied to horses and to human beings was then illustrated. Massachusetts rolls her constitution and the protection of a jury trial around every horse in the Commonwealth [applause]. God blesses her for the jealous care she exercises over horses [laughter and applause]. But the wisdom, and patriotism, and philanthropy, and benevolence, and judicial acumen, of Massachusetts have all been absorbed in taking care of horses, and the man may be reduced to bondage; he cannot have that poor ghost of a jury trial which is left.

"Having referred to the Union-savers of 1850, Mr. Hale asked, is that the Union they saved? Have they saved a Union that don't protect the dearest interests of humanity? Have they saved a Union that ignores the sacred bonds of affection that binds a daughter to the father? Have they saved a Union that don't protect the most sacred union of man and wife? They saved that which was not worth the saving, if that is it [long and loud applause].

"A sacred right has been infringed by the judges, an inestimable privilege has been trampled under foot, and, in a Boston Court-House, within sight and sound of Bunker Hill, rich with the memories of revolutionary antecedents, a judge has sat and trampled in scorn upon this high prerogative of freemen [cries of shame, shame].

"No, said Mr. Hale, he did it because he knew the people would bear it; shame on the people [loud applause].

"This question, he said, had not yet been carried to the Supreme Court. We all know what the decision will be if it goes there. If Theodore Parker is found guilty of the charge now pending against him, and the judge charges the jury that they are only to find the fact that he did speak in Faneuil Hall, leaving the law for the Court, this ruling will be found all right. If a Southern fillibuster is tried in New Orleans, and acquitted on the charge of the judge, that the jury are to judge both law and fact, and the case is carried to the Supreme Court, that ruling will be found right.

"Let every juryman remember that, for the time being, is committed to him the guardianship and custody of the inestimable right of trial by jury and let him stand up in the independence and the stability of a man, and if the Judge undertakes to insult him by such questions as I have referred to, let him treat the insulter as he would if he met it elsewhere. Let him take that issue; and he need not fear imprisonment. But suppose the Judge should say you may stand aside. Let the juryman say he don't choose to stand aside, I do not come here by the request or by the order of the Court; I come here by a provision of the Constitution; I stand here as a guardian of popular rights, and I will not step aside. Let the prisoner claim his right; let the counsel for the prisoner assert it; let him say that he is a man qualified by the law to sit as a juror. Let the judge imprison him if he will. God grant that that issue may come. It cannot come too soon [great applause]. And let it come when it may, this battle has got to be fought. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and when it does come, I close in the language of John Milburn, may the gracious spirit of Almighty God counsel and direct you to such a course as may be for the good of the State and for His glory."

[Three tremendous cheers were then given for Mr. Hale.]

TRACTS.

No. 2, 3 and 4 have followed closely upon No. 1. They may all be found at this office, and at the offices in Philadelphia and Boston. Remember they are *given away.*

No 2 is by William I. Bowditch, as well as No. 1. Its subject is "White Slavery in the United States," and is treated with the vigour and closeness of argument which always mark the style of its author. There is not a superfluous word in it, and every fact stated is incontrovertible and to the point.

No. 3 is "Colonization," and is by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of Salem, Mass. It shows clearly the object and the character of this nefarious scheme to perpetuate slavery, by the testimony of its own records and its chief friends.

"Does Slavery Christianize the Negro?" is the title of No. 4, by Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass. He takes for his text the proposition that "American slavery is a great missionary institution ordained by Providence for the civilization and instruction of the heathen," and examines it under these two heads: "1. What is the result of the enterprise thus far, as seen in the moral condition of the 'reclaimed heathen' now in slavery at the South?" And, "2. And what is the effect of this missionary institution upon the missionaries themselves?" He answers the question by *Southern* testimony as to the moral and spiritual condition of the slaves, and as to the influence of that condition upon the whites around them. He gives also, in an Appendix, extracts from the famous Sermon to Slaves by the Right Reverend Bishop Meade of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia, which, as truth is stranger than fiction, exceeds all the bathos, burlesque and sarcasm that *Punch* ever wrote.

Other numbers will soon be issued, but, in the meantime, these should be put in brisk circulation.

American Methodism Illustrated.—A "respectable correspondent" in Illinois gives the *Independent* some particulars of a course of villany, perpetrated in that State, by a wretch living under the garb of a Christian profession, and still accredited as a preacher in good standing in the Church of God.

"On the 7th inst., —— W., a rich farmer of this county, and also a licensed local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, rode through this town on horseback, with a negro boy, some some eighteen or twenty years of age, mounted behind. The negro had escaped from Missouri, had been caught by W., and was by him returned to his master, for which service he received, as I am credibly informed, eighty dollars.

"That he is a regularly licensed preacher of the M. E. Church, there can be no doubt, as, in order to be sure, I asked Rev. Mr. ——, the circuit rider on this station, who informed me that there was nothing in the act contrary to their book of Discipline. Rev. Mr. ——, a New School Presbyterian preacher, now living here, but who will move to Duquonic P. O., Perry county, about twenty miles from here, soon, was with me a witness of the sight."

While scenes like this are being enacted, the Methodist *Advocate* of this city is publishing long-winded editorials to show that slavery, though wrong when its victims are "held for gain" (!!), is not a *malum in se*, and exerting all its power to prevent such action as would exclude the system from the Church!

A MENDACIOUS BLUNDERER.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper of December 15.

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

* * * * * * * *

When I see the Old Organization at Boston and New York exhibiting, or trying to exhibit, on their platform of Lectures, Sam. Houston, the slaveholder, and Anson Burlingame, elect of the Know-Nothing pro-slavery organization, while they exclude from said platform of Lectures Frederick Douglass, James W. C. Pennington, John I. Gaines, and John Mercer Langston, *because they are coloured men*—for this is the only difference between these latter and those former, except the latter may be of higher intellect—it appears a sufficient reason for me to say that there is no room for black men on the Old Organization platform; first, because we are asked off, and, secondly because we cannot strike hands with slaveholders, nor with those who strike hands with slaveholders and their abettors.

In making this statement, I accuse no one of wilful wrong-doing, but simply utter a historical fact, which will become clearer in a little while. When Mr. Emerson termed the Old Organization "the Cassandra who had foretold the coming ills of the Republic without the power to avert them," he spoke volumes of truth. All honour to the men, who, for quarter of a century, earnestly and incessantly proclaimed the evils of slavery! But their work is done; the end of their existence is fulfilled; they are become effete; not through any fault of theirs, but by a law of human nature; two springs ago, when they cowered before the church in Chinese Hall, their cycle was complete—overrun: the same man may live through two revolutions, but he can only guide one; they are more than effete, they are blind to the present; they do not even see the influences which are storming the strong holds of slavery; the readers of the *Liberator* and *Anti-Slavery Standard* are more ignorant than the readers of the Charleston *Mercury* and New Orleans *Delta* of the work which Frederick Douglass has done in Illinois, and the whole West; shame—for it will come out—on their mean-spirited Editors! "Eyes have they, and they see not; ears have they, and they hear not!"

I must except, however, my friend "Sydney," as brother Delany calls him; he did notice Mr. Douglass's crushing out of Mr. Garrison at Syracuse as *impertinent!* Only think of it! Sydney H. Gay, with a comfortable sinecure, enjoying "lust in rust" on beautiful Staten Island, getting twelve hundred dollars a year for writing half a column of very dull prose per week (when it does not rain), calling a hard-working, earnest, out-spoken and energetic coloured man *impertinent*, because he uttered the truth that was in him in presence of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

There is an earnest effort making to establish a Library and Reading Room, and a Course of Lectures for our folks in this city—which embraces Brooklyn. Mr. Patrick H. Reason is leader, assisted by Messrs. P. A. Bell, Wm. J. Wilson, George Lawrence, Jr., and others; their first lecture occurred last Thursday evening, at Hope Chapel, by Rev. Dr. Baird; it was well attended; they have invited a certain Editor from Rochester to lecture for them, and I trust he will come, as they will ensure him a bumper at the Tabernacle.

It is high time that we had some anti-slavery truth spread before the people, at prices which the people can afford; the Lecture Committee, troubled with the itchy palm, seems bent on making money out of the so-called Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures in this city; the spread of truth being quite a secondary matter; last year, ladies procured single tickets for the course for one dollar; this year, only double tickets can be procured at three dollars; and it is laid down as a violation of anti-slavery to cut a ticket in two and admit a thirsty but poor soul to feed on the crumbs falling from the table of the anti-slavery host.

My mother, dear lady, tells a story which happened in her house, Charleston, S. C. A Guinea-man, who had risen from slavery to freedom, and the ownership of a horse and cart, had his horse run away one day; away followed the Guinea-man, shouting through the streets, "Toppy dat horse! toppy dat horse! White man stop him I gib him ten dollar! Black man top him I gib him five dollar! toppy dat horse! toppy dat horse!"

It is whispered hereabouts that Oliver regards this as sound Anti-Slavery doctrine—gives his white lecturers in proportion ten, and his black (lecturer per winter) five dollars for stopping "dat horse." Brother Remond can correct me if I am wrong.

Yours affectionately, Communipaw.

This precious chapter of blunders, misrepresentations and malice is understood to be the production of James McCune Smith, M.D., the coloured graduate of the University of Glasgow. We state this fact with emotions of regret and shame—regret that, for any reason, we have incurred the hostility of one from whom we had a right to expect a friendly "God-speed," and shame that an educated coloured man should stand forth as the voluntary maligner of those who, whatever may be their faults, have at least proved themselves, under all circumstances, the sincere friends and honest champions of the slave. Mr. Douglass, before he "lifted up his heel" against the American Anti-Slavery Society, was not, we are told, the object of any very warm friendship on the part of Dr. Smith; indeed, if popular rumour is not utterly at fault, the two were at almost deadly feud. But, as Pilate and Herod were made friends by a common hostility to Jesus, so the scholar from Glasgow and the fugitive from Maryland found the appropriate cement [illegible] an alliance, offensive and defensive, with each other, in their common and deadly enmity to Old Organized Anti-Slavery. They eulogize each other now, *ad nauseam*, whenever they can find or make an occasion for speaking each other's names, and no opportunity for sneering at a Garrisonian Abolitionist, or putting him in an odious light before the public, is suffered by either to pass unimproved. No misrepresentation is too flagrant, no personality too mean, for the one to write and the other to print. So far as their detraction affects us personally, we care not for it, but duty to the cause requires us to expose the blunders and falsehoods which we have quoted above.

1. In the first place, then, the Boston Anti-Slavery Lectures were instituted by the exclusive agency, not of the Old Organized Abolitionists, but of the class of anti-slavery men who have exulted in the apostacy of Mr. Douglass from the American Anti-Slavery Society. The chairman of the committee of arrangements is Dr. S. G. Howe, who certainly is not, and never was, a Garrison man. We submit, therefore, that the sin of inviting Gen. Houston and Mr. Burlingame, and of *not* inviting Frederick Douglass, Dr. Pennington and others, to lecture in Boston, is one for which the friends of Old Organized Anti-Slavery are not responsible, and for which, consequently, they ought not to be abused. If Mr. Douglass is piqued because he was not invited to lecture in Boston, he can settle the matter with his new friends. If he is "excluded" from the Boston "platform of lectures," so also are other and better men—for example, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Rev. Theodore Parker. We have not heard that *those* gentlemen lay their "exclusion" much to heart, and we think Dr. Smith would do his client more honour by silent acquiescence than by unmanly complaint.

2. The Lectures in New York *are* under the control of the Old Organization, but Dr. Smith utters an untruth in saying that he has seen the managers of those lectures, or anybody else, "exhibiting, or trying to exhibit, on their platform," either Sam Houston or Anson Burlingame. Neither of those gentlemen has ever been invited to take part in the New York Course, while J. Mercer Langston, one of the very men who, the mendacious Dr. says, were "excluded" "because they are coloured," *was* invited, and very earnestly invited, so to do, in a letter directed to him, at his place of residence, to which, however, from some unexplained cause, no answer was ever received. "There is no room for black men on the Old Organization platform," says the veracious Doctor; and yet, at the very moment when he was penning the statement, he knew that among the lecturers publicly announced to appear in the Tabernacle Course was William Wells Brown, a coloured man and a fugitive slave. Perhaps, however, the Doctor and his party have concluded to deny that any man is really "coloured" who has not by faithlessness to old friends proved his heart to be as black as his skin. Tried by this test, our friend Brown is certainly not a coloured man, and we presume he will not soon aspire to the honour of a place in such a category.

3. Dr. Smith's oracular annunciation that Old Organized Anti-Slavery "has become effete" is too cruel! We scarcely known how we could console ourselves in view of the sad event, were it not for his kind declaration that it has come "not through any fault" of the Old Organizationists themselves, "but by a law of human nature." This is indeed a comfort. "They cowered before the Church in Chinese Hall," but they couldn't help it, poor fellows, "their cycle being complete"!! Charitable Dr. Smith!

4. The Doctor is quite indignant that the Standard and *Liberator* pay so little attention to the movements of Mr. Douglass. We confess that, for about a year past, we have given Mr. D. a pretty severe "letting-alone," and we shall probably continue to do so in time to come. He has chosen a path widely divergent from ours, and in which we have neither the leisure nor the inclination to follow him. We do not think that his abuse of us in times past constitutes any just ground for a demand upon us to chronicle his movements. He is a very able and a very eloquent man, and we shall rejoice in all the good that he may accomplish. And, if it will be any consolation to Dr. Smith, we will avow our belief that Mr. D. is far more usefully as well as more honourably employed, when stumping on the track of his Senatorial namesake, than when trying to make people believe that the Garrisonians are infidels.

5. But the conscience of the Doctor is extremely tender. "Black men," he tells us, have "no room on the Old Organization platform," "because *they* cannot strike hands with slaveholders, nor with those who *do* strike hands with slaveholders." We have already knocked away the foundation on which the Doctor reared this falsehood; but what shall we say of the honesty of a man who, in one breath, affects a standard of anti-slavery too pure to sanction the appearance of Gen. Houston and Anson Burlingame as public lecturers in a course avowedly intended to present fairly *all* sides of the subject of slavery, and, in the next, praises an association of coloured men who employed as "their *first* lecturer" that notorious pro-slavery Divine, the Rev. Dr. Baird!! We congratulate "a certain Editor from Rochester" upon the opportunity afforded him of "striking hands" with that "abettor" of slavery!

6. Dr. Smith complains that the Anti-Slavery Lectures in this city are not cheap enough to those who hear them. Nothing could be more unreasonable than this. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that, taking into account the necessary expense of securing speakers, rent, &c., the Lectures are the cheapest ever offered to the people of this city. The expense to a gentleman and lady taking a season ticket is less than eleven cents each per lecture! Indeed, the extraordinary cheapness of the "*so-called* anti-slavery course" has been a topic of general remark among those who are friendly to their object. The Committee, so far from being "bent upon making money" out of them, have been seriously apprehensive that they would not pay their expenses; but their anxiety on this account has not prevented them from furnishing tickets gratuitously to those who are too poor to pay for them. Dr. Smith himself was permitted to take a season ticket at *half price*, and partly on credit at that; and this chapter of misrepresentation and abuse in *Frederick Douglass's Paper* is his return for the favour!

7. Dr. Smith, forgetting his first declaration, that there was "no room" on the Old Organization platform for a "black man," and that we had "excluded" such on account of their colour, charges the Chairman of the Committee with paying black lecturers only half as much as he does white ones! This reminds us of the defence offered in a suit for damage done to a borrowed kettle, viz.: first, that the defendant never had the kettle—secondly, that it was cracked when it came into his possession—and thirdly, that it was sound when it was returned! So, the Doctor first tells his readers that the naughty Old Organizationists have "excluded" black men from their platform, and then proceeds to arraign them upon the charge of employing them at half price! But this latter accusation is false as the first. Mr. Remond's receipt, now in the hands of the Treasurer of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, will show that he was paid as much as Mr. Greeley or Mr. Furness, and *more* than Palfrey, or Phillips, or Parker, or Emerson. Mr. Brown was invited to lecture this year for exactly the same compensation that was offered to his white associates, and he will get his money, if it is not already in his pocket.

8. The Dr. illustrates his manners at the same time that he reveals his malice in the allusion he makes to one of the Editors of the Standard by name. Of course, having uttered nothing but a *tissue of* falsehoods on other points, it was not to be expected that he would stick at downright lying when, to gratify his malignity, it became necessary for him both to exaggerate the salary and undervalue the services of an Old Organized Abolitionist. There is only one way by which such an Abolitionist can commend himself to the Doctor's favour, viz.: by apostacy from his principles and treachery to his friends. Having done *this*, he would be sure to find a eulogist in the Doctor, even if he were growing richer every day and yet employing a sinuous mendicant to tell the story of his poverty and circulate the hat in his behalf. The Standard has no Editor that would purchase anybody's friendship at such a price, and none to whom the friendship or the enmity of so unscrupulous a maligner as Dr. Smith is not alike indifferent.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1854.

To the Editors of the Standard:

During the months of October and November, since the Semi-Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at Syracuse, I have been engaged in holding a series of anti-slavery meetings, to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Liberty, and of "No Union with Slaveholders," in Ontario, Allegany and Cattaraugus Counties.

In the south part of Ontario County, I had some very good meetings, in towns where there has heretofore been very little anti-slavery labour, and, indeed, not any by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The inhabitants of that locality seem to be ripe for the discussion of the slavery question, but have been well-nigh swallowed up by the evil spirit of Whiggery during the last political contest. Ontario is the native county and present place of residence of the Governor elect, Myron H. Clark, for whom is claimed, by some politicians, fulness of the measure of anti-slavery; but, even from those who have known him from his youth until the present time, I was unable to learn that he had ever been especially inclined to anti-slavery, and the testimony of nearly all seemed to be that, in regard to slavery, he is merely an echo of the Union-loving doctrines of Wm. H. Seward, with whom he laboured, as a right-hand man, upon the diabolical platform of their party for the success of Gen. Scott; and in the election of Mr. Clark, I apprehend we are forewarned to be on the look-out for more of the political treachery so characteristic of the Whig party, differing as it does from the Democratic in this: that while Democrats, since the days of Gen. Jackson until the present time, have been out-spoken, and unblushing in proclaiming their villany and pro-slavery diabolism, the Whigs, whenever they have had an opportunity, have been willing, and even anxious, to outdo them in iniquity, and have added to their criminality the contemptible meanness of false and hypocritical professions. Allegany Co. is considered, I believe, by political Abolitionists, to be one of their strongholds; although its strength, during the last contest, at least, was composed of a kind of fusion of the Whig, Liberty Party, Free Democratic and Free Soil parties, and the whole in grand confusion. I had a series of very good meetings in this county, and met with some earnest and true-hearted friends of the slave; and many who are professedly desiring emancipation, claiming that they are Abolitionists; yet are, at the same time, giving allegiance, and bowing in reverence, to the bulwark of the "sum of all villanies"—the American Church.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 5th, I held a very pleasant and satisfactory meeting at Little Genesee, a small village in the south part of the county, of some notoriety for its temperance and anti-slavery political character. The inhabitants are mostly Seventh Day Baptists. and, as I was informed, have never tolerated the liquor traffic, either with or without license, in their town, and as yet have never sent forth a pauper for public support. This town was formerly a stronghold for the Whigs, but is now as strongly Free Democratic.

I also met, in this vicinity, several persons who claim to be of the Gerrit Smith school of anti-slavery; professedly believing with him that the blood-stained Constitution of the American Government gives no guaranty to slave-owners, and in nowise recognises the lawfulness of human slavery; and that it may be subscribed to before God, as a rule of faith and practice in the administration of "righteous civil government."

But, even these kind-hearted and well-meaning men, like other politicians, are apparently in the midst of doubt and confusion, for it is the misfortune of our friend, Mr. Smith, in regard to his recent Congressional career, not to be appreciated to his liking, even by a majority of the "faithful few," who have heretofore been wont to sustain and to recognise him as their leader and practical exponent of the doctrines which they embrace, as well as by his other Abolition friends, and the "pesky Whigs," of whom he complains.

I must myself confess that, notwithstanding I listened with careful attention and much interest to the discussion, in the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at Syracuse, between Mr. Smith and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and after reading his explanatory letters too, I am unable to see how it is possible for him, or any one else who should take a seat in Congress under similar circumstances, to clear himself from the charge of being *pro-slavery* in *position*, though, of course, not with malice intent.

Each Congress that has assembled under the auspices of the present Constitution has been made up in part of men-stealers and cradle-plunderers, who have had a *slave constituency*, and whose membership has been, either with or without constitutional authority, to aid, not in securing legislation in behalf of liberty and humanity, but for the express purpose of strengthening the hands of the tyrant and oppressor; of making perpetual and eternal the terrible realities of American slavery; and, according to American law, to make *Christianity* a *crime* and an *outlaw*.

If the Constitution is anti-slavery, that portion of the Congressional representatives whose dependence for membership and seats is upon the *slave basis* can, of course, have no constitutional authority or right to the same, and should be rejected from the Legislative Halls, and denied admission as Legislators. I apprehend that if, for example, twenty or thirty of Mr. Smith's anti-slavery friends had gone to Congress during his sojourn there, and, without being duly elected, had claimed seats, together with the right to vote, even in behalf of freedom, and against slavery, that he would have protested against such a proceeding as a base fraud, and pronounced the legislation enacted under such circumstances to be wanting in validity—a mere farce, and without any binding force—because of its unconstitutionality.

There are, it seems to me, the strongest reasons why, by him who proclaims the anti-slavery character of the Constitution, and the divinity of "righteous civil government," the *test* should have been applied and insisted on before joining the "Honourable Body" (?); yet, we found Mr. Smith connected with the American Congress, in the capacity of a Legislator, as though all were *agreed*, so far, at least, as a constitutional right to membership and seats was concerned, and, to my mind, occupying a position not very unlike that of Northern Baptists in a Convention which was held a few years ago.

The Convention was made up of delegates from the North and the South, of slaveholders and those who own no slaves, and, after transacting the business, and the administration of the sacrament, they closed by singing the Psalm—

"Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren *who agree*."

A writer in one of the Baptist journals, in speaking of the Convention, says: "Our meeting was truly delightful. The spirit of the Gospel prevailed, and gave a tremendous shock to the Abolitionists. Let us be thankful to God, and give Him the glory. . . . . . At the Communion Board, on Lord's Day, the scene was overwhelming. In view of the *cross*, the hundreds that participated were all *one*. No *test* other than that of our dear Lord's requirement was thought of. To God be all the glory. Amen and Amen."

Consistency, at least, required at the hands of Northern Baptists, while proclaiming their opposition to slavery, and while they would not have received at the Communion Board delegates who were known to have been guilty of stealing sheep, or robbing a shoe-store, that they should have considered slavery a crime of sufficient enormity, and slave-owners or men-stealers enough of criminals to make it a test of Christian fellowship; but, on the contrary, the writer informs us of the hundreds that participated, that all were as *one*, when it was well known that a portion of the communicants *were guilty not of stealing boots and shoes alone, but of stealing men, women and children in them!!* and

"Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree."

At Portville, Cattaraugus Co., on Monday evening, Nov. 6th, I held a meeting in the Presbyterian Church, and, so far as numbers were concerned, had a very good meeting; but, the God-defying politics and soulless religion of this country have possession of so large a share of the affections of the people as to render it a barren and desert soil for anti-slavery.

An incident occurred here which serves to illustrate something of the experience of those who (in the language of Parker Pillsbury) are in the "battle-field" of anti-slavery. A Mr. Wheeler, who is a gentleman of "property and standing" in Portville, and who professes to be an Abolitionist, although a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a "defender" of the Whig party, supposing me to be an Abolitionist of the political and (in the American sense) pious school, took an active part in getting up the meeting, but, on attending it, was disappointed to find that he had been coöperating with one of those "terrible Garrisonian, infidel fanatics," and, although the meeting was as "free to the slaveholder as to the Abolitionist," and all were invited to freely participate in the exercises, especially those who might differ with me in sentiment, yet, he had not a word to offer publicly; but, having ascertained that I had an appointment for a meeting at Olean, a village several miles distant, and to whom my notices were forwarded, and knowing also that I was to be absent during the time that was to intervene, to fulfil an appointment at Ceres, McKean Co., Pa., he embraced the earliest opportunity, as I afterwards learned, to go to Olean, and, impelled, I suppose, by an overflow of *patriotic* and *religious* feeling! there represented me as an Infidel, belonging to an Infidel association, and as opposed to all religion, government, &c., at the same time very generally advising and using his influence that notice for my meeting at that place might not be given out. Consequently, when I arrived in Olean, instead of the arrangements for a meeting having been made, as was expected, I found the notices snugly folded up, within the pocket of the individual to whom they were sent, who, by way of apology, said that, from the representation he had received of my character and labours, and the advice of the aforesaid Mr. Wheeler, he had not felt at liberty to coöperate with me, and thus I was effectually prevented from having a meeting, as I was obliged to pass on to meet other appointments.

The day of mobs, brickbats, eggs, &c., for Abolitionists seems nearly to have passed by. At the North, although there sometimes are tricks like the above in store for us, by pro-slavery and sectarian religionists, who take the *name* anti-slavery on their lips, and for a pretence make long prayers; and, occasionally, especially if it be previously sounded that a dissolution of the "Glorious Union" will be talked of, or the sins of "Mother Church," we receive a "terrible letting alone"; but, for the most part, the signs of the times are encouraging, and foretel of the "good time coming."

"When Afric's sons, uprising from the dust,
Shall stand erect—their galling fetters riven;
When from his throne Oppression shall be driven,
An exiled monster, powerless through all time;
When freedom—glorious freedom—shall be given
To every race, complexion, caste, and clime,
And Nature's sable hue shall cease to be a crime."

I held some very good meetings in the vicinity of Rushford, the present place of residence of those truthful and uncompromising friends of our cause, *Mr. and Mrs. Philleo.*

I enjoyed very much their kindness and hospitality, and more than all their companionable society which, to the itinerant Disunion lecturer, is as an oasis in this desert of American oppression, ruled as it is, to a great extent, North as well as South, by the influence and controlling power of a slave-holding oligarchy.

On Monday evening, Nov. 13th, I held a meeting in the village of Rushford, in Academy Hall.

The meeting was very well attended, and a good degree of interest manifested, and, after I had spoken, a very animated discussion arose, resulting from some exceptions that were taken by Elder Hunt, a Methodist minister, to a statement of mine, to the effect that it was ascertained, last year, that there were about forty thousand slaves held and owned by the ministers and members of the Northern Methodist Church, the truthfulness of which he at first denied, but afterwards, I believe, became convinced of.

I was joined in the discussion, which embraced the whole subject of the relation of the ecclesiastical associations of this country to slavery, by Mr. Philleo, before whose steady aim of convincing and powerful logic, few opponents can stand.

Elder Simpson, a Baptist clergyman, also came up to the rescue of the Church and the "glorious Union," but in his remarks he exhibited more of the spirit of a rowdy than that of a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus, and I may add that, in discussion, he is the most of a "whining cur" that I have met for many a day.

Mr. E. B. Pratt, D. Leavens and Albert E. Pound also participated in the discussion, vindicating the righteousness of universal liberty, and reproving the religious organizations for striking hands, as nearly all do, with the slave power of this country.

Those who were in attendance seemed to be unmindful of Gerrit Smith's rule of retiring at nine o'clock, as, in consequence of the protracted discussion, our meeting, which commenced at seven in the evening, was not brought to a close until a few minutes before two o'clock in the morning, and was one that those who were present will not soon forget.

I can but regard Rushford, and some of its adjoining towns, as hopeful soil for anti-slavery labour, and trust that S. S. and A. K. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, or some other of the anti-slavery agents, will, ere long, gratify the friends of our cause who reside there by paying them a visit.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 19th, I had a meeting at Oramel, the first anti-slavery meeting that was ever held in the place. The meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, and was very well attended, and, I believe, gave very good satisfaction to most of those who were present, except the Presbyterian minister, and the post master, who is a Democratic Editor of the Franklin Pierce school; neither of whom, however, accepted the invitation to give expression to their views in the meeting, but afterwards, as I was told, took occasion to find fault and complain, and the latter, in summing up his criticism upon my discourse, came to the conclusion that it was "*damned radical.*"

Mr. E. B. Pratt—an ex-Methodist minister—a reader of the *Standard* and *Liberator*, and a true-hearted friend of humanity, who is at present living in the village, and who left the ministry for *conscience' sake*, made some excellent remarks in the meeting, identifying himself with our cause, and exhorting all to remember those in bonds as bound with them.

It is very gratifying to observe the increasing interest with the masses in the cause of emancipation, and, while many are becoming *comparatively* anti-slavery, and would regard the introduction of slavery into Kansas and Nebraska as a *crime* and an outrage, it is yet all-important to hold up the highest ideal of justice and humanity, that shall regard slavery as a *high-handed crime and an outrage wherever found*, and "immediate, unconditional and eternal emancipation the right of the slave and the duty of the master."

A host of uncompromising and efficient lecturers are called for to aid in the spread of the good word of anti-slavery truth, and of those forthcoming *tracts*, which, at this time, when almost all are upon the alert for anti-slavery reading, must necessarily do great good.

Had I an hundred tongues, and many times my present strength, I could still find very many avenues yet unoccupied, wherein to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Liberty, and of "No Union, politically or eclesiastically, with Slaveholders."

Yours for the crushed and perishing slave,
Aaron M. Powell.

Progressive Friends.—Our interest in this new religious association springs from the well-known fact that it owes its origin chiefly to causes which connect it, historically and otherwise, with the anti-slavery movement, and that it contributes to the support of that movement the whole weight of its influence. Of its *theology*, if it has any, we have no right to speak, but its *religion* is of the sort which we could wish were universally diffused. We are frequently asked by anti-slavery friends to inform them how they may secure the services of a public speaker qualified to unfold the principles and plans of the new association. We take pleasure in commending those who have made this inquiry to Joseph A. Dugdale, one of the Clerks of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting, whose address is Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa. He was for many years a minister of the Society of Friends, and, being one of the founders of the Progressive organization, is thoroughly familiar with all its principles, purposes and plans. We have no doubt that, to the extent of his ability, he will respond to any applications that may be made to him to hold meetings in places where there is a reasonable prospect that his labours would be useful. He has been engaged of late, we understand, in attending meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, where his addresses have been in a high degree acceptable to the friends of Practical Christianity, and especially to the supporters of the anti-slavery cause. Those who call for his services will, of course, see to it that they do not impose upon him any pecuniary burden.

The New Presidency of Amherst College.—Should it not be somewhat specially commended to God, by the numerous praying friends of this Christian Institution of learning? As the inauguration of Dr. Stearns is to take place on Wednesday of next week, Nov. 22nd, might not the supplications of many a closet, family altar, and even sanctuary, appropriately invoke upon the College, from the first, throughout this new administration, the most special blessing of the Holy Spirit?—*Boston Congregationalist.*

We cut the above from the *Congregationalist* several weeks ago, but lost sight of it in the "heap" that is always found upon our editorial table. We will only say, now, that, as the newly inaugurated President of Amherst College is a supporter of the Fugitive Slave law, we think the institution and the students that fill its classes *do* stand in preëminent need of the prayers of Christians. If the Holy Spirit should make the "administration" of such a President a "special blessing" to an institution which ought at least be a teacher of the true principles of liberty, if not of Christianity, it will only be a new proof of the power of God to bring good out of evil. When will the religious newspapers learn to call things by their right names, and cease to blaspheme God and insult the common sense of mankind by speaking of the teachers of Atheism as if they were Christians?

A LETTER FROM THE SLAVE STATES.

In Georgia, December 3.

From Savannah to Augusta the country, as the Hoosiers say, is as flat as a pancake. The flash of the cannon, annually fired at Augusta in commemoration of the advent of Democracy in America, can be seen, it is said, at a distance of more than one hundred miles Atlantic-ward.

Travelling, in these far-southern sea-board States, is a very expensive pastime, especially by rail. The cars, too, are far less comfortable than their "Northern brethren." Hotels charge more for board; and both the attendance and cooking are inferior to what northern men are accustomed to. I must except, however, vegetables and bread. Sweet potatoes are as common here as dough-nuts are in Connecticut, or as bigots, knaves and tyrants are in Know-Nothing Lodges, or as unprincipled politicians are at Washington, when the representatives or the deceivers of the people are, in Congress assembled: to wit, very common, indeed. Other and still sweeter tropical fruits are furnished in great abundance in their respective seasons. I wonder that corn-bread is not more popular as an edible at the North. When properly baked and warm, it is as pleasing to the taste as it is nourishing to the frame; and that it is a "strengthening" diet, the great numbers of able-bodied negroes that are fed on it *alone*, whom one meets near the large plantations in the country South, sufficiently attests. I prophesy a great future for Corn Bread! In my mind's eye, I see it driving the "lazy root" from the Emerald Isle; oat meal, with its "parrich," alias porridge, "crowdy" hannocks and "yett-cakes," from Scotland; round-meal from England; black bread from Germany and Hunger from every Hemisphere! All the Earth shall yet rejoice because of it! Let us then eat success to corn-bread; and do what in our stomach's power lies to enable it to fulfil its mission.

Helplessness is as prominently developed at Southern tables as "Shiftlessness" is in Southern Households. "Each for himself and Heaven for us all" is the principle that underlies the system of dining at many Northern and at every Western hotel. At the South, on the contrary, it is easy for the Seer (I don't mean inspired coblers of the order of Old Hickory namesakes—Mr. Davis—alone, but every one that has eyes and uses them), it is easy for such an one to perceive that "Nobody for any one, but the niggers for us all," is the fundamental principle of Dining in the Slave States. I have seen a debilitated Southerner call a negro from the opposite side of the table to hand him a dish that he could have reached without unbending his elbow!

Augusta presents, on the whole, a prepossessing appearance. Its principal commercial street not only deserves its name—they call it Broad street—but is a street of which the citizens may well be proud. It is wide, straight and lined by large, well-furnished and flourishing stores.

Its private streets entitle it to the name of a Garden City.

There are churches enough in Augusta, as well as at Charleston and Savannah; would to God, for the poor slave's sake, that they were far less numerous! For the Church is the chief pillar of slavery; the Union is the next in importance; the press is its last and least support. Dr. Storrs may talk till doomsday evening about slavery being destined to destroy the Church, unless it is by the Church destroyed; but he cannot deny and ought not, as an honest man, to conceal the *fact* that it is to the Church chiefly that the negro is indebted for his bondage. It is very true that slavery has destroyed (not *will* destroy) Christianity—but the Voice of History as clearly proclaims that the Church also has corrupted it; and still is polluting it to suit the temper of the times. The freeman owes, if not everything, at least, very much, to Christianity, but to the Church he owes only his debt to the slave-master—*Denunciation and Eternal War.*

The population of Augusta I should guess to be about eighteen thousand. Yet it can only support two daily papers, both of which, I have been told, have but a limited circulation. The reason why the South supports so few journals in comparison to the North and North-West is, that in the South the labouring classes are prohibited by law from learning to read. The labourers are Africans. Yet great numbers of the city slaves can read fluently and write well; and many of them have acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of Arithmetic. But, let it be remembered, to the shame of the South, that the knowledge thus acquired has been stolen, or snatched rather, *in spite of* their employers' exertions.

"You can read? can you not?" I asked an intelligent slave whose acquaintance I made in Augusta.

"Yes, sir," said he.

"Write, too?"

"Yes—a little."

"Let me see you write a *pass*."

He wrote one, in a legible hand. The words were correctly spelt.

"How did you learn to write? Did the boss allow you to learn?"

"No, *sir*," said the slave, "there's no bosses would 'low their niggers to read if they could help themselves. My missus got hold of my spellin' books thrice and burned them."

"You taught yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you learn the Alphabet?"

"Well, sir; out in —— County, near where the boss's plantation is, there's a school-house. The well is close by; and when I used to go for water, I got the boys to teach me a letter a time. I used to give them nuts and things. Then, after that, when I come to 'Gusta, —— ——," he named a mechanic, "him that came from New Jersey, ga'en me a lesson in writing once in a while, and I learned that-a-way."

"You married?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I'se got a wife and three children."

"Where is she?" I rejoined.

"Out in —— County."

"Is she a slave?"

"O yes, sir; she lives with her boss out there."

"How often do you see her?" I inquired.

"'Bout once every two or three months."

"I should think," I replied, "—— eh?"

He gave a laugh, but added—

"Oh no, sir; I would kill any man that touched my wife, and kill her, too, if she 'lowed him too; and I'd want her to kill me if I wasn't the same way to her as she's to me. Course, I wish she could live with me; but we has to submit."

I have met several slaves, in the course of my journeyings, who taught themselves to read and write with as little instructions as the negro mentioned in the preceeding conversation. I never yet met a slave who was not anxious to acquire the forbidden knowledge.

The Reverend Bind-his-fellow-christians-in-bondage Adams, or the New England theologian with the puritan name of similar solemnity—who lately implored the North to "return" to a Constitution which has placed three millions of human beings in the power of the rage or lust of their owners—by which families are severed—women violated—children sold—the youth of the ruling race corrupted, in consequence of the facility with which it enables them to gratify their carnal appetites—the orthodox clergyman, in short, whose "South-Side" c̶ant you recently criticised, is becoming a popular man in the Southern States. The newspapers are passing him round, as a model for the imitation of Northern Divines! I will forward you one of these eulogizing journals by the mail that conveys this letter.

"Our Parties and Politics"—to use Putnam's Editor's phrase—are in a peculiarly perplexing predicament at present. The Nebraska bill has been as disastrous to the old Parties South as to the pro-slavery politicians and pro-slavery parties North. In the Southern States there exist, at present, four distinct principles, each of which have been developed or are developing Political Organizations. They are—1st, The principle of Protection to Capital interested in Manufacturing interests—the Whig Party; 2d, The principle of non-intervention by Government in commercial affairs, or of Free Trade—the Democratic Party; 3d, The principle of Exclusiveness or Protestant domination—the Know-Nothings; 4th, The principle of State Rights and of a Strict Construction of the *Letter* of the Constitution—the Secessionists.

Since Senator Seward became the Leader of the Northern Whigs, or rather since Mrs. Stowe startled the North into a sense of its duty, and thus enabled him to make the Whig party appear to be the party of freedom, the Whigs of the South have been in a most disconsolate condition. They have repudiated the Whig Party North—but where can they go to? That's the rub; and has been the rub for several months past. They have always been in the minority, and now they are utterly without hope. Unless—the Know-Nothings? The Charleston *Mercury* recommends them to form a party whose fundamental principle shall be the defence of slavery. But, then, the planters are Free-traders; and would as soon consent to Free Soil as to additional taxation for the benefit of New England millocrats. And, then, again, the Whigs South know that *No Union, No Slavery!* Whither shall they fly? From many signs, I infer that they will join the Know-Nothings. Like to Like! Robbers of Peter (by Tariff) to pay Paul; and Robbers of Peter (of Rights) to "save" Paul—from being "menaced in the public streets!" (See *True American.*) Let the Union be consummated!

The Democrats appear determined to remain true to their party until the Northern Democrats repudiate the pro-slavery doctrines of the Baltimore Platform. They fear this result, although they are silent on the subject. It has been suggested to meet the war-cry of the Northern Fusionists of "No More Slave States" with the counter-cry of "No more Tariffs"; and to fling the doctrine of Free Trade into the Camp of the Free Soilers. Whether this policy is to be adopted or no, the proceedings of the approaching Congress will inform you. The Democrats are the only "Unterrified" politicians South.

The Secession party is increasing at the South almost as rapidly as the Radical Anti-Slavery or "our party" is increasing at the North. Of them I will speak at another time. In short, then, there is cursing and swearing and gnashing of teeth in every political circle in the South.

John Ball, Jr.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19, 1854.

There was a decision in our State Supreme Court, last week, of some importance, and the Standard should have an account of it. It was in the case of William Thomas (of Wilkesbarre memory) against Crossin, Jenkins and Wynkoop, Deputy U. S. Marshals of this Districts. The facts of the case, which are known to most of your readers, are briefly these: In the summer of 1853, the three persons above mentioned, acting under a warrant issued by the late Edward D. Ingraham, Commissioner, and endorsed by Judge Grier, undertook to arrest an alleged fugitive slave, in Wilkesbarre, of the name of William Thomas. They failed in their attempt; but their efforts to accomplish their purpose were characterized by such merciless and atrocious barbarity toward their intended victim as to excite the horror and indignation of the community. As one expression of this feeling, a complaint was made before a Justice of the Peace in Wilkesbarre, who issued a warrant for the apprehension of the men charged with the outrageous behaviour. They were arrested in this city, but, on being brought before Judge Grier, on a *habeas corpus*, that amiable functionary discharged them, with a burst of dignified indignation against the interference of "interlopers" and "tuppeny magistrates."

But this was not the end of the matter. In January last, the Grand Jury of Luzerne County, sitting in Wilkesbarre, found a true bill against Crossin and others for assault and battery and with attempt to kill, and a breach of the peace. A warrant was issued and placed in the hands of the Sheriff of this city and county. The parties were again arrested. They took out a writ of *habeas corpus* from the Circuit Court requiring the Sheriff to produce them before that tribunal, together with the cause of detainer. The case was argued at length before the Judges (Grier and Kane), and the result was a decision that the prisoners "were under confinement and restrained of their liberty by authority of Samuel Allen, High Sheriff of the County of Philadelphia, for acts done by them in pursuance of a law of the United States and of process issuing from a Judge thereof." Whereupon the Court (Judges Grier and Kane) ordered the prisoners to be discharged from custody, and the Sheriff released them accordingly. This was in February last. About the same time, William Thomas had instituted civil proceedings against the same defendants, in our State Supreme Court, for damages, and a writ of *capias* was issued to hold them to bail in $5,000. Under this writ, the parties were arrested, who, again appealing, by *habeas corpus*, to the Circuit Court for its interposition, were again discharged by Judge Kane, on the same ground. The Judge expressed a wish that that might be the last time he should hear of the case. But he was not to be gratified.

On the 14th of November just passed, the indefatigable plaintiffs obtained a rule from the Supreme Court on the Sheriff, requiring him to show cause why an attachment should not issue against him for contempt. This question was argued at length before Chief Justice Lewis and Justice Woodward, and the decision given in it was the one I have referred to as being important. It is contained in a long document, which was drawn up and read by Chief Justice Lewis, and which has been published at length in our papers. I presume you will preserve it in your columns for future reference. It is an able and well-argued paper. The gist of it is that the "Circuit Court of the United States had no jurisdiction whatever over the parties in this cause, and had no authority to interfere with the execution of the process of this Court; that when a Court of limited jurisdiction, instituted by a government of enumerated powers, transcends its authority, its order is no justification to the officer who obeys, and that in this case the Sheriff ought not to have obeyed the order for the discharge of the prisoners." Judge Lewis, after giving this decision, goes on to make it easy for Judges Grier and Kane, by a curious apology for their course and a fling at the Abolitionists. He adds:

"In giving this opinion, there is not the slightest feeling of disrespect for the learning and integrity of the Judges of the Circuit Court. On the contrary, we can appreciate the feeling and excuse the errors of a judgment likely to be excited by the disorderly movements of a class of individuals who, setting up their own judgments as a 'higher law' than the Constitution, are constantly endeavouring to defeat the operation of certain laws of the United States. But these considerations do not absolve us from the discharge of our official obligations. We might have stepped out of our way to avoid this question for the present. But it lies directly in our path, and it must be met in this cause, should the plaintiff proceed by action against the Sheriff, or recover in this suit. To avoid it would be to countenance encroachment, and would leave the Sheriff, and other officers charged with the execution of the laws of the State, in doubts in regard to their official duties.

"It does not, however, necessarily follow from these views that we are bound to commit the Sheriff for a contempt of this Court. This remedy is under the discretion of the Court, and is the appropriate one where there is a *corrupt* or *wilful* disobedience of the commands of the writ; but in this case there is not the slightest evidence of *wilful* misconduct on the part of the Sheriff. It was natural that that excellent officer should respect the authority of the Circuit Court. The order for the discharge of the prisoners came to him in the imposing form of a judicial act, and, when all the circumstances are considered, it is not surprising that he obeyed it. It does not appear that the plaintiff gave any notice that he would contest its validity, or would hold the Sheriff liable if he regarded it. On the contrary, the plaintiff silently acquiesced in the discharge from the 14th February to the 14th November, 1854, a period of nine months. Under these circumstances, it would be unjust to the Sheriff to award an attachment. The defendants may be considered as discharged on common bail, and the plaintiff may proceed in his action. Should he recover, the powers of this Court to enforce the execution of the judgment will be called into action. But the present rule must be discharged."

Notwithstanding, however, the courtesy of the Chief Justice's apology, the *snub* of the decision will be felt sensibly by Judges Grier and Kane, especially the former. Grier is exceedingly sensitive, and he has been so often stultified before the public, on questions growing out of this Fugitive Slave law, that any additional evidence of his folly will be very mortifying to him.

The case of William Thomas has been prosecuted with a most commendable perseverance, and, on the part of his counsel, William Arthur Jackson and David Paul Brown, Esquires, with marked ability. On Mr. Jackson the main duties of the case have fallen, and he has proved himself, by his industry and talents, fully equal to its responsibilities.

We understand the suit for damages will be prosecuted vigorously against the three ruffian officials, Wynkoop, Jenkins and Crossin, and it is to be hoped that, between this action and the one previously pending, of a criminal character, in which the Commonwealth is the prosecutor, something will be done towards vindicating the character of the State, and securing to an innocent man some reparation for wanton injuries inflicted in the abuse of authority.

This is a long story, and leaves me but little room for anything else. But I must say that our Fair this year has been quite a successful one, much more so than, from the hard times and other adverse circumstances, we had been led to anticipate. The receipts, when all in, will not be much, if anything, less than $2,000. We were just at the crisis of a money panic about the time of the Fair, and, as a consequence, many of our best friends did not feel at liberty to make purchases. Nevertheless, our wares found customers, all went off admirably, the ladies are in fine spirit, and are already projecting plans to make the next Fair still more attractive and useful.

This Anti-Slavery Fair of ours is an admirable institution. It does great good to the cause generally, and to individuals in particular. There is hardly any instrumentality we employ that we could not as easily dispense with as this.

Wendell Phillips's presence was a great acquisition. It gave a lively interest to the occasion, and his speeches were very animating and instructive. Without him, the Fair would not have been nearly so successful, and we feel greatly indebted to him for being with us.

Yours ever truly, M.

New Publications.

Sketches of Places and People Abroad. By Wm. Wells Brown. With a Memoir of the Author. John P. Jewett & Co. Boston.

With this volume our readers are already somewhat acquainted through the extracts we made from it when it first appeared in England. Several additional chapters, however, are added to this republication, bringing the narrative down to Mr. Brown's return to this country. It is small praise of it to say merely that it is a readable, well-written book, full of pleasant, personal anecdotes, and good sketches of many celebrated places, for it would deserve that commendation if there were nothing peculiar in the circumstances of the author. But those circumstances give it a double interest. The fugitive slave, all whose early life, up to early manhood, was passed in the most degrading bondage, is never lost sight of in the cultivated and graceful writer, and one is never able to lose sight of the 'coloured man' whom republican custom makes a pariah in his native land, moving in the best society in Europe, and esteemed according to his real merit and not the hue of his complexion. The book should be read as an antidote to the absurd and unchristian prejudice which pursues the coloured people, in this country, from the baptismal fount to the churchyard, and the essential excellence of the book itself will do much to show how unfounded such a prejudice is, as Mr. Brown's experience abroad will prove, and that it could only exist among a slaveholding people.

A brief biographical sketch of the author precedes the 'sketches,' and adds greatly to their interest. The volume, we trust, will have such a circulation as it deserves for its character and real merit.

The Wide-Awake Gift and Know-Nothing Token. Edited by "One of 'Em." J. C. Derby, New York, and Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

If all stories be true, this book—which was published a few weeks since—will have to change its title to be in accordance with the state of things to be shortly established. A 'Wide Awake Gift' is the last thing the Know-Nothings will thank anybody for giving them, if, as it is asserted, a new association is forming, with the title of 'Wide Awake,' whose first principle is to put the Know-Nothings nowhere. The book, however, has some good things in it—some of the best, indeed, that have ever been written on that very limited subject, as it has been generally accepted, Americanism. Of course, of the Chief Americanism of all, Slavery, it says nothing, as on that subject, at least, the Know-Nothings mean to be true to their title.

Town and Country. By John G. Adams. Boston. J. Buffum.

This is a volume of short tales, essays, and poems on a great variety of subjects, all having a good moral tendency, and several of them particularly inculcating temperance. The book is handsomely printed, and has several pretty illustrations.

The Wife's Victory and Other Nouvellettes. By Mrs. Southworth.—We have received from the publisher, Mr. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, a copy of this work, the two first stories in which were written to set forth the authoress's conviction that "a woman should not give herself away to a man on whose wisdom she could not rely as on God's," which position she endeavours to sustain by various quotations from Scripture; but as this question is one foreign to the organization which we represent, we can only announce the publication of the work, leaving readers to judge of its merits themselves.

Life at the South.—A correspondent of the Portland *Inquirer* sends to that journal the following extract of a letter from his nephew, a young 'typo,' who was residing for a time in a city of the South-west.

"Five slaves stepped out from here the other night! Off for Canada! B.'s man 'Dick' swears he will scoot ere the editor comes back! Shouldn't wonder if he did! Mr. B. thinks of tying him up! Hurrah for the star-spangled banner!

"There are a great many slaves here, but they are owned by wealthy people, and have a very easy time of it. But this is not long to be. Since I have been here (one month), some 25 slaves have *vamosed.* The d——l is to pay here generally, among slaveholders, and they are running the darkies down the river at a great rate. As I stated, our 'Dick' threatens to leave again in B.'s absence. As I write, Mrs. B. is having him licked. He takes to chains very pleasantly, and treats it all as being a rich joke. Great country this! I repeat—Hurrah for the star-spangled banner! There is only one thing about the five slaves aforesaid escaping that I regret—they took, by mistake, no doubt! all of their *massa's* silver spoons! also all the money they could lay their hands on too! You probably read of the darkey who escaped from the Louisville *Journal* office, recently, and, on his arrival in Canada, politely wrote Prentice that he had 'arriv' safe!' It is funny, but it is so that if these lines or this '*extra*' was to be read aloud in the streets here, my valuable head would not be safe for three minutes! and I've agreed (of course) to join a scouting party to search for one of the missing 'coloured possums'! 'When you are in Rome,' &c.

"To-morrow, a negro sale takes place, a few miles distant, and I shall try to be '*thar!*' Hurrah for the starry banner with its stripes. Hurrah!"

Giddings on the Administration.—The correspondent of the *Herald* writes from Washington, under date of Jan. 12, as follows:

"Yesterday was a day of peculiar interest in Congress, both in consequence of what was done and what the House of Representatives refused to do. On motion of the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, to take up and distribute the President's Message, when, to the astonishment of the friends of the Administration, Mr. Stanton, of Tenn., an out-and-out opposer of President Pierce, was called to the chair. This was the unkindest cut of all. *Et tu brute*, the President might well exclaim, for no sooner was the House in committee than the floor was given to Mr. Giddings, who opened the ball by a scathing philippic against Pierce, Forney and Nebraska. At times the whole House was convulsed with laughter, the Chairman himself enjoying the richness of the scene as much as those around him. Mr. Giddings said he did not wish to mortify the feelings of any gentleman present, but it would be necessary for him to allude to the Democratic and Whig parties, yet he never spoke of the dead but in terms of respect. His remarks called out no reply from the friends of the Administration, who bore the flagellation bravely, deeming quiet prudence the better part of valour; for had a reply been made, the war would have become general. In this case the least said was the soonest mended."

Scott & Co.'s reprint of the British Periodicals.—We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of Leonard Scott & Co., and commend it, at the same time, to everybody who has ten dollars to invest in books for the coming year's reading. One who has the four British Reviews and Blackwood will not want for literature, even if he has nothing else; and if he has but little time to devote to books, it can be more profitably and more agreeably employed with these than with desultory reading. It will be seen by the advertisement that Messrs. Scott & Co.'s arrangements are such that we are now to have their reprints almost simultaneously with the publication abroad.

New York Anti-Slavery Lectures.—The Fourth Lecture was given at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, by William Wells Brown, to a fair audience. His subject was—"Our National Character, and how it is viewed from a distance." The Lecture, which was every way creditable to the speaker as a representative of the oppressed class, was well received by the auditory. We shall publish a sketch of it in our next.

The next lecturer is Cassius M. Clay, whose subject will be—"The Political Despotism of Slavery."

William Wells Brown will speak on Slavery at Chester, Delaware Co., Pa., to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

Summary.

After the election in Lynn, it was discovered that one of the newly-elected Aldermen, chosen by the Know-Nothings, *was an Irishman, and had lately changed his name from Connelly!*

Portrait of Rev. Theodore Parker.—Mr. Brainard has issued to-day a finely-executed portrait of this prominent clergyman, in the style of the series of public men which now adorn our print-shops and residences.—*Boston Telegraph.*

We copy the following advertisement from the Savannah *Republican*, of Dec. 9, 1854:

For Sale.—A brown skin woman, 32 years old; good cook, washer and ironer, with her two children, a boy 7 years and a girl 9; all warranted sound. The woman will be sold separately, to remain in the city should the purchaser prefer it. William Wright.
Nov. 15.

Chief Justice of Kansas.—Samuel D. Lecompte, of Baltimore, Md., has been appointed Chief Justice of Kansas Territory, in place of Madison Brown, of Maryland, resigned. Judge Lecompte is spoken of at home as eminently fitted for the position assigned him, and as a distinguished member of the bar—of ability, talents and experience in his profession.—*Kansas Herald, Nov. 17.*

The Worst "Ism."—"Harry," inquired a friend, "which do you consider the worst of the numerous 'isms' now prevalent?"

"Abolitionism?" inquired his friend.

"No."

"Nativism?"

"No, no."

"Then I must give it up," replied the expounder.

"Why, Rheumat-*ism*."

Two Great Events.—Rev. Theodore Parker remarked, in his sermon on Sunday last, that two noticeable events occurred during the past week. One was the convocation of Bishops at Rome, to settle the question that the Virgin Mary was without original sin—not that they believed it themselves, for they were *make-believes*, but for the belief of the people who pay them; the other was the receipt of $14,000 to pay the military of Boston for helping a kidnapper to send a fugitive back to hopeless slavery.

In allusion to John Mitchel's threatened departure from this country, the *Atlas* says: "We can struggle on without him—in doubt, perhaps, and sometimes in despair—but still we can struggle on." We participate in the inspiriting hopes of our brother on this subject. If John *must* go, let us call up our Yankee heroism, and bear the loss as well as we can. Our fathers in revolutionary times saw, perhaps, as dark days as that which shall witness John's departure, and *they* survived. Courage, friends, courage!—*Bost. Tel.*

The idea of the monopoly of secret organization on the part of one society is absurd. That is a game at which two can play. The Know-Nothings may expect soon to encounter a formidable rival in a new association, now everywhere forming, under the significant and rather taking title of the *Wide Awakes*. We shall see whether the Wide-Awakes do not prove something more than a match for the Know-Nothings. If they don't, they will belie their name.—*Bost. Tel.*

The Institution.—One of the incidental beauties of slavery is to be seen in the following item of news from Virginia. That poor slave was a hero, and died a martyr to liberty.

"On Sunday last, Mr. Greenlee, of Mason County, Va., discovered a runaway negro in the Salines, and undertook to capture him. The darkey refused; Greenlee then attempted to fire a gun at him, for the purpose of frightening him—the gun missed fire. The negro then rushed on Greenlee, knocked him down with a club, commenced choking him, and got his thumb in his mouth. Greenlee, finding himself about to be overpowered, succeeded in getting out his knife and killing the negro instantly. The negro, in his death, still kept Greenlee's thumb in his mouth, and his jaws had to be forced open to get it out."

The Saut Ste. Marie Canal.—A large number of the labourers employed upon the Saut canal came down on the Illinois on her last trip. The work is nearly completed, and will be entirely so within a few weeks.

The opening of Spring will mark a new era in the history of the Upper Peninsula. The great impediment to the development of its resources, and to the general prosperity of the country, will have been removed. The canal is of sufficient capacity to admit the largest vessels that float the lakes. Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan and Superior, are made a perfect navigable chain. A vessel may clear from the head of the latter for Liverpool, Havre, or Canton, and, passing through the river St. Lawrence to the Ocean, reach either port without breaking bulk. Is not the achievement a proud one?

Josiah Quincy—"The First Match in the United States."—Josiah Quincy, who still survives, one of the brightest ornaments of a departed age, in the enjoyment of the reverend homage of our own, was also among the visitors of this respectable circle. Mrs. Adams referring to his arrival in this city, writes, "This young man is a rare instance of hereditary eloquence and ingenuity in the fourth generation. He comes into life with every advantage of family, fortune and education, and I wish him all the success which such auguries naturally present to him in prospect. I, yesterday, in the presence of half-a-dozen senators, laughingly advised him to go to the President and Mrs. Washington, and ask their leave to make his addresses to Nelly Custis or her sister, at Georgetown. The young gentleman blushed, and he may have left his heart in Boston, but I think him the first match in the United States."—*Griswold's Republican Court.*

Matters in Minnesota.—A Massachusetts clergyman, who recently emigrated to Minnesota, settling in "Stillwater," writes to the Boston *Telegraph*, under date of Nov. 20th, as follows:

"Here I am, far away in the northwest—no, stop! right here in the geographical centre of our country; a little one side of telegraph lines and railroads, just now. Rumour says that next spring a company of Virginians are coming to Minnesota *with their slaves* to settle on the west side of the Mississippi. The repeal of the Missouri compromise leaves all our territory on the west side of the Mississippi open to slavery. Well, let them come! There is too much Yankee blood here to submit to it. Slavery shall never come to live in Minnesota. Remember that *slaves* brought here will add so many to the number of our *freemen!*

"We want the Maine Law, but we can't get it this year. The Rum-Democracy triumphed at our last election.

"Minnesota is growing at a tremendous rate. We have doubled our population this year."

The threat of John Mitchel to leave the country has not produced a great sensation. The general opinion evidently is that the country would stand it. The New London *Chronicle* entreats him to stay, in the following persuasive terms:

"John Mitchel, the Irish patriot from Van Dieman's Land, has written a letter to some compatriot of his, in which he declares positively, if the Know-Nothings succeed in making the slightest distinction between the native-born citizens and foreigners, he will leave the country and settle in Russia or Spain. This will be a calamity, the bare possibility of which we suppose will bring the Know-Nothings to their senses. We beg him, however, not to be too rash in this matter. He had better not take passage either for Spain or Russia, or even for Bantam, before he looks into things a little. He may not be obliged to go so far, even if it does become necessary to leave the *United* States. They will take him probably into the Republic of South Carolina, where his proclivities for negroes has already made him an immense favorite, Mitchel must not leave us in lamentation, if he can possibly reconcile it to his nice feelings to stay a little longer; and if he *will* go, we entreat him to give the New York Democracy notice enough to get him up a public dinner."

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND.

[Continued.]

Joseph Pierce, Mount Pleasant, N. Y.,			$2 00
Walter Farrington, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.,			2 00
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Friends of the Slave, by Miss M. Willard, Deerfield, Mass.,			10 00
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Allen A. Avery, Groton, Conn.,			1 00
Clarke Greenmon, Greenmonville, Conn.,			1 00
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W. C. Munroe, Central Village, R. I.,			1 00
Charles Perry, Westerly, R. I.,			5 00
Stephen Wilcox, " "			3 00
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John R. Champlin, " "			2 00
J. P. Stillman, " "			1 00
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C. C. Stillman, " "			1 00
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T. P. Stillman, " "			1 00
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J. H. Potter, " "			1 00
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Philadelphia Markets.

Flour and Meal.—The Flour market is quiet, with little export demand. Sales of good shipping brands are made at $9 a $9 1-4 per barrel. Sales for home consumption are limited within the range of $9 1-8 a $9 1-4 for good brands, and extra $9 1-2 a $10 25. Rye Flour is dull, and worth about $6 1-4 per barrel. Sales of Pennsylvania Meal at $4 per barrel, with little or nothing doing.

Grain.—The market is bare of Wheat. Sales of prime and good red at 211 a 212c., and prime white at 212 a 215c. Rye is in demand at $1 22 for Southern, and $1 25 for Pennsylvania. Corn is scarce; sales of old yellow at 90 cents, and new at 87 cents. No further sales of Oats are reported.

Cattle Market.—The receipts of Beef Cattle, during the past week, amounted to about 1,700 head, all of which were sold, except 500 head for the New York market, at prices ranging from $9 to $10 50 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves sold at from $20 to $40. The receipt of Hogs amounted to 3,000 head, and sales were effected at from $5 75 to $6 50 per 100 lbs. There were about 1,000 head of Sheep and Lambs offered, and sold at from $2 to $6 50 each, according to quality.

Advertisements.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.—EARLY COPIES SECURED.

Leonard Scott & Co., New York, continue to re-publish the following British Periodicals, viz.:

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2. The Edinburgh Review (Whig).
3. The North British Review (Free Church).
4. The Westminster Review (Liberal).
5. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the forthcoming year. They will occupy a middle ground between hastily written news-items, crude speculations and flying rumours of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligible and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

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Miscellaneous Department.

OUR FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

HAVING earned, by many years of fidelity, the right to be sometimes inconstant to our English watering-place already extolled in these pages, we have dallied for two or three seasons with a French watering-place: once solely known to us as a town with a very long street, beginning with an abattoir and ending with a steamboat, which it seemed our fate to behold only at daybreak on winter mornings, when (in the days before continental railroads), just sufficiently awake to know that we were most uncomfortably asleep, it was our destiny always to clatter through it, in the coupé of the diligence from Paris, with a sea of mud behind us, and a sea of tumbling waves before. In relation to which latter monster, our mind's eye now recalls a worthy Frenchman in a seal-skin cap with a braided hood over it, once our travelling companion in the coupé aforesaid, who, waking up with a pale and crumpled visage, and looking ruefully out at the grim row of breakers enjoying themselves fanatically on an instrument of torture called "the Bar," inquired of us whether we were ever sick at sea? Both to prepare his mind for the abject creature we were presently to become, and also to afford him consolation, we replied, "Sir, your servant is always sick when it is possible to be so." He returned, altogether uncheered by the bright example, "Ah, Heaven, but I am always sick, even when it is *im*possible to be so."

The means of communication between the French capital and our French watering-place are wholly changed since those days; but, the Channel remains unbridged as yet, and the old floundering and knocking about go on there. It must be confessed that, saving in reasonable (and therefore) rare sea-weather, the act of arrival at our French watering-place from England is difficult to be achieved with dignity. Several little circumstances combine to render the visitor an object of humiliation. In the first place, the steamer no sooner touches the port than all the passengers fall into captivity: being boarded by an overpowering force of Custom-house officers, and marched into a gloomy dungeon. In the second place, the road to this dungeon is fenced off with ropes breast-high, and outside those ropes all the English in the place who have lately been sea-sick and are now well, assemble in their best clothes to enjoy the degradation of their dilapidated fellow-creatures. "Oh, my gracious! how ill this one has been!" "Here's a damp one coming next!" "*Here's* a pale one!" "Oh! Aint he green in the face, this next one!" Even we ourself (not deficient in natural dignity) have a lively remembrance of staggering up this detested lane one Semptember day in a gale of wind, when we were received like an irresistible comic actor, with a burst of laughter and applause, occasioned by the extreme imbecility of our legs.

We were coming to the third place. In the third place, the captives, being shut up in the gloomy dungeon, are strained, two or three at a time, into an inner cell, to be examined as to passports; and across the doorway of communication, stands a military creature making a bar of his arm. Two ideas are generally present to the British mind during these ceremonies; first, that it is necessary to make for the cell with violent struggles, as if it were a life-boat and the dungeon a ship going down; secondly, that the military creature's arm is a national affront, which the government at home ought instantly to "take up." The British mind and body becoming heated by these fantasies, delirious answers are made to inquiries, and extravagant actions performed. Thus, Johnson persists in giving Johnson as his baptismal name, and substituting for his ancestral designation the national "Dam!" Neither can he by any means be brought to recognise the distinction between a portmanteau-key and a passport, but will obstinately persevere in tendering the one when asked for the other. This brings him to the fourth place, in a state of mere idiotcy; and when he is, in the fourth place, cast out at a little door into a howling wilderness of touters, he becomes lunatic with wild eyes and floating hair until rescued and soothed. *If friendless and unrescued*, he is generally put into a railway omnibus and taken to Paris.

But, our French watering-place, when it is once got into, is a very enjoyable place. It has a varied and beautiful country around it and many characteristic and agreeable things within it. To be sure, it might have fewer bad smells and less decaying refuse, and it might be better drained, and much cleaner in many parts, and therefore infinitely more healthy. Still, it is a bright, airy, pleasant, cheerful town; and if you were to walk down either of its three well-paved main streets, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, when delicate odours of cookery fill the air, and its hotel-windows (it is full of hotels) give glimpses of long tables set out for dinner, and made to look sumptuous by the aid of napkins folded fan-wise, you would rightly judge it to be an uncommonly good town to eat and drink in.

We have an old walled town, rich in cool public wells of water, on the top of a hill within and above the present business-town; and if it were some hundreds of miles further from England, instead of being, on a clear day, within sight of the grass growing in the crevices of the chalk-cliffs of Dover, you would long ago have been bored to death about that town. It is more picturesque and quaint than half the innocent places which tourists, following their leader like sheep, have made imposters of. To say nothing of its houses with grave courtyards, its queer by-corners, and its many-windowed streets white and quiet in the sunlight, there is an ancient belfry in it that would have been in all the Annuals and Albums, going and gone, these hundred years, if it had but been more expensive to get at. Happily it has escaped so well, being only in our French watering-place, that you may like it of your own accord in a natural manner, without being required to go into convulsions about it. We regard it as one of the later blessings of our life, that BILKINS, the only authority on Taste, never took any notice that we can find out of our French watering-place. Bilkins never wrote about it, never pointed out anything to be seen in it, never measured anything in it, always left it alone. For which relief, Heaven bless the town and the memory of the immortal Bilkins likewise!

There is a charming walk, arched and shaded by trees, on the old walls that form the four sides of this High Town, whence you get glimpses of the streets below, and changing views of the other town and of the river, and of the hills and of the sea. It is made more agreeable and peculiar by some of the solemn houses that are rooted in the deep streets below, bursting into a fresher existence a-top, and having doors and windows, and even gardens, on these ramparts. A child going in at the courtyard gate of one of these houses, climbing up the many stairs, and coming out at the fourth-floor window, might conceive himself another Jack, alighting on enchanted ground from another beanstalk. It is a place wonderfully populous in children; English children, with governesses reading novels as they walk down the shady lanes of trees, or nursemaids interchanging gossip on the seats; French children with their smiling bonnes in snow-white caps, and themselves—if little boys—in straw head-gear like bee-hives, work-baskets, and church-hassocks. Three years ago, there were three weazen old men, one bearing a frayed red ribbon in his threadbare button-hole, always to be found walking together among these children, before dinner-time. If they walked for an appetite, they doubtless lived on pension—were contracted for—otherwise their poverty would have made it a rash action. They were stooping, bleared-eyed, dull old men, slip-shod and shabby, in long-skirted short-waisted coats and meagre trowsers, and yet with a ghost of gentility hovering in their company. They spoke little to each other, and looked as if they might have been politically discontented if they had had vitality enough. Once, we overheard red-ribbon feebly complain to the other two that somebody, or something, was "a Robber"; and then they all three set their mouths so that they would have ground their teeth if they had any. The ensuing winter gathered red-ribbon into the great company of faded ribbons, and next year the remaining two were there—getting themselves entangled with hoops and dolls—familiar mysteries to the children—probably in the eyes of most of them, harmless creatures who had never been like children, and whom children could never be like. Another winter came, and another old man went, and so, this present year, the last of the triumvirate left off *walking*—it was no good, now—and sat by himself on a little solitary bench, with the hoops and the dolls as lively as ever, all about him.

In the Place d'Armes of this town, a little decayed market is held, which seems to slip through the old gateway, like water, and go rippling down the hill, to mingle with the murmuring market in the lower town, and get lost in its movement and bustle. It is very agreeable on an idle summer morning to pursue this market-stream from the hilltop. It begins dozingly and dully, with a few sacks of corn; starts into a surprising collection of boots and shoes; goes brawling down the hill in a diversified channel of old cordage, old iron, old crockery, old clothes civil and military, old rags, new cotton goods, flaming prints of saints, little looking-glasses, and incalculable lengths of tape: dives into a backway, keeping out of sight for a little while, as streams will, or only sparkling for a moment in the shape of a market drinking-shop; and suddenly reäppears behind the great church, shooting itself into a bright confusion of white-capped women and blue bloused men, poultry, vegetables, fruits, flowers, pots, pans, praying-chairs, soldiers, country butter, umbrellas and other sun-shades, girl-porters waiting to be hired with baskets at their backs, and one weazen little old man in a cocked hat, wearing a curaiss of drinking-glasses and carrying on his shoulder a crimson temple fluttering with flags, like a glorified paviour's rammer without the handle, who rings a little bell in all parts of the scene, and cries his cooling drink Halo, Halo, Ho-o-o! in a shrill cracked voice that somehow makes itself heard, above all the chaffering and vending hum. Early in the afternoon, the whole course of the stream is dry. The praying-chairs are put back in the church, the umbrellas are folded up, the unsold goods are carried away, the stalls and stands disappear, the square is swept, the hackney coaches lounge there to be hired, and on all the country roads (if you walk about, as much as we do) you will see the peasant woman, always neatly and comfortably dressed, riding home, with the pleasantest saddle-furniture of clean milk-pails, bright butter kegs, and the like, on the jolliest little donkeys in the world.

We have another market in our French watering-place—that is to say, a few wooden hutches in the open street, down by the Port—devoted to fish. Our fishing-boats are famous everywhere; and our fishing people, though they love lively colours and taste is neutral (see Bilkins), are among the most picturesque people we ever encountered. They have not only a Quarter of their own in the town itself, but they occupy whole villages of their own on the neighbouring cliffs. Their churches and chapels are their own; they consort with one another, they intermarry among themselves, and their costume is their own and never changes. As soon as one of their boys can walk, he is provided with a long bright red nightcap; and one of their men would as soon think of going afloat without his head, as without that indispensable appendage to it. Then, they wear the noblest boots, with the hugest tops—flapping and bulging over anyhow; above which, they encase themselves in such wonderful overalls and petticoats, trowsers, made to all appearance of tarry old sails, so additionally stiffened with pitch and salt, that the wearers have a walk of their own, and go straddling and swinging about, among the boats and barrels and nets and rigging, a sight to see. Then, their younger women, by dint of going down to the sea barefoot, to fling their baskets into the boats as they come in with the tide, and bespeak the first fruits of the haul with propitiatory promises to love and marry that dear fisherman who shall fill that basket like an Angel, have the finest legs ever carved by Nature in the brightest mahogany, and they walk like Juno. Their eyes, too, are so lustrous that their long gold ear-rings turn dull beside those brilliant neighbours; and when they are dressed, what with these beauties, and their fine fresh faces, and their many petticoats—striped petticoats, red petticoats, blue petticoats, always clean and smart and never too long—and their home-made stockings, mulberry-coloured, blue, brown, purple, lilac—while the older women, taking care of the Dutch-looking children, sit in all sorts of places knitting, knitting, knitting, from morning to night—and what with their little saucy bright blue jackets, knitted too, and fitting close to their handsome figures; and what with the natural grace with which they wear the commonest cap, or fold the commonest handkerchief round their luxuriant hair—we say, in a word and out of breath, that taking all these premises into our consideration, it has never been a matter of the least surprise to us that we have never once met, in the cornfields, on the dusty roads, by the breezy windmills, on the plots of short sweet grass overhanging the sea—anywhere—a young firsherman and fisherwoman of our French watering-places together, but the arm of that firsherman has invariably been, as a matter of course and without any absurd attempt to disguise so plain a necessity, round the neck or waist of that fisherwoman. And we have had no doubt whatever, standing looking at their uphill streets, houses rising above house, and terrace above terrace, and bright garments here and there lying sunning on rough stone parapets, that the pleasant mist on all such objects, caused by their being seen through the brown nets hung across on poles to dry, is, in the eyes of every true young fisherman, a mist of love and beauty, setting off the goddess of his heart.

Moreover, it is to be observed that these are an industrious people, and a domestic people, and an honest people. And though we are aware that at the bidding of Bilkins it is our duty to fall down and worship the Neapolitans, we make bold very much to prefer the fishing people of our French watering-place—especially since our last visit to Naples within these twelvemonths, when we found only four conditions of men remaining in the whole city; to-wit, lazzaroni, priests, spies, and soldiers, and all of them beggars; the paternal government having banished all its subjects except the rascals.

But we can never henceforth separate our French watering-place from our own landlord of two summers, M. Loyal Devasseur, citizen and town-councillor. Permit us to have the pleasure of presenting M. Loyal Devasseur.

His own family name is simply Loyal; but, as he is married, and as in that part of France a husband always adds to his own name the family name of his wife, he writes himself Loyal Devasseur. He owns a compact little estate of some twenty or thirty acres on a lofty hill-side, and on it he has built two country houses which he lets furnished. They are by many degrees the best houses that are so let near our French watering-place; we have had the honour of living in both, and can testify. The entrance-hall of the first we inhabited was ornamented with a plan of the estate, representing it as about twice the size of Ireland; insomuch that when we were yet new to the Property (M. Loyal always speaks of it as "la propriété") we went three miles straight on end, in search of the bridge of Austerlitz—which we afterwards found to be immediately outside the window. The Chateau of the Old Guard, in another part of the grounds, and according to the plan, about two leagues from the little dining room, we sought in vain for a week, until, happening one evening to sit upon a bench in the forest (forest in the plan), a few yards from the house-door, we observed at our feet, in the ignominious circumstances of being upside down and greenly rotten, the Old Guard himself: that is to say, the painted effigy of a member of that distinguished corps, seven feet high, and in the act of carrying arms, who had had the misfortune to be blown down in the previous winter. It will be perceived that M. Loyal is a staunch admirer of the great Napoleon. He is an old soldier himself—captain of the National Guard, with a handsome gold vase on his chimneypiece, presented to him by his company—and his respect for the memory of the illustrious general is enthusiastic. Medallions of him, portraits of him, busts of him, pictures of him, are thickly sprinkled all over the property. During the first month of our occupation, it was our affliction to be constantly knocking down Napoleon: if we touched a shelf in a dark corner, he toppled over with a crash; and every door we opened, shook him to the soul. Yet M. Loyal is not a man of mere castles in the air, or, as he would say, in Spain. He has a specially practical, contriving, clever, skilful eye and hand. His houses are delightful. He unites French elegance and English comfort, in a happy manner quite his own. He has an extraordinary genius for making tasteful little bedrooms in angles of his roofs, which an Englishman would as soon think of turning to any account, as he would think of cultivating the Desert. We have ourself reposed deliciously, in an elegant chamber of M. Loyal's construction, with our head as nearly in the kitchen chimney-pot as we can conceive it likely for the head of any gentleman, not by profession a Sweep, to be. And into whatsoever strange nook M. Loyal's genius penetrates, it, in that nook, infallibly constructs a cupboard and a row of pegs. In either of our houses, we could have put away the knapsacks and hung up the hats, of the whole regiment of Guides.

Aforetime, M. Loyal was a tradesman in the town. You can transact business with no present tradesman in the town, and give your card "chez M. Loyal," but a brighter face shines upon you directly. We doubt if there is, ever was, or ever will be, a man so universally pleasant in the minds of people as M. Loyal is in the minds of citizens of our French watering-place. They rub their hands and laugh when they speak of him. Ah, but he is such a good child, such a brave boy, such a generous spirit, that Monsieur Loyal! It is the honest truth. M. Loyal's nature is the nature of a gentleman. He cultivates his ground with his own hands (assisted by one little labourer, who falls into a fit now and then); and he digs and delves from morn to eve in prodigious perspirations—"work always," as he says—but cover him with dust, mud, weeds, water, any stains you will, you never can cover the gentleman in M. Loyal. A portly, upright, broad-shouldered, brown-faced man, whose soldierly bearing gives him the appearance of being taller than he is, look into the bright eye of M. Loyal, standing before you in his working blouse and cap, not particularly well shaved, and, it may be, very earthy, and you shall discern in M. Loyal a gentleman whose true politeness is in grain, and confirmation of whose word by his bond you would blush to think of. Not without reason is M. Loyal when he tells that story, in his own vivacious way, of his travelling to Fulham, near London, to buy all these hundreds and hundreds of trees you now see upon the Property, then a bare, bleak hill; and of his sojourning in Fulham three months; and of his jovial evenings with the market-gardeners; and of the crowning banquet before his departure, when the market-gardeners rose as one man, clinked their glasses all together (as the custom at Fulham is), and cried, "Vive Loyal!"

M. Loyal has an agreeable wife, but no family; and he loves to drill the children of his tenants, or run races with them, or do anything with them, or for them, that is good-natured. He is of a highly convivial temperament, and his hospitality is unbounded. Billet a soldier on him, and he is delighted. Five-and-thirty soldiers had M. Loyal billetted on him this present summer, and they all got fat and red-faced in two days. It became a legend among the troops that whosoever got billeted on M. Loyal, rolled in clover; and so it fell out that the fortunate man who drew the billet "M. Loyal Devasseur" always leaped into the air, though in heavy marching order. M. Loyal cannot bear to admit anything that might seem by any implication to disparage the military profession. We hinted to him once, that we were conscious of a remote doubt arising in our mind, whether a sou a day for pocket money, tobacco, stockings, drink, washing and social pleasures in general, left a very large margin for a soldier's enjoyment. Pardon! said Monsieur Loyal, rather wincing. It was not a fortune, but—à la bonne heure—it was better than it used to be! What, we asked him on another occasion, were all those neighbouring peasants, each living with his family in one room, and each having a soldier (perhaps two) billeted on him every other night, required to provide for those soldiers? "Faith!" said M. Loyal, reluctantly; "a bed, monsieur, and fire to cook with, and a candle. And they share their supper with those soldiers. It is not possible that they could eat alone." "And what allowance do they get for this?" said we. Monsieur Loyal drew himself up taller, took a step back, laid his hand upon his breast, and said, with majesty, as speaking for himself and all France, "Monsieur, it is a contribution to the State!"

It is never going to rain, according to M. Loyal. When it is impossible to deny that it is now raining in torrents, he says it will be fine—charming—magnificent—to-morrow. It is never hot on the Property, he contends. Likewise it is never cold. The flowers, he says, come out, delighting to grow there; it is like Paradise this morning; it is like the Garden of Eden. He is a little fanciful in his language: smilingly observing of Madame Loyal, when she is absent at vespers, that she is "gone to her salvation"—allée à son salut. He has a great enjoyment of tobacco, but nothing would induce him to continue smoking face to face with a lady. His short black pipe immediately goes into his breast pocket, scorches his blouse, and nearly sets him on fire. In the Town Council and on occasions of ceremony, he appears in a full suit of black, with a waistcoat of magnificent breadth across the chest, and a shirt-collar of fabulous proportions. Good M. Loyal! Under blouse or waistcoat, he carries one of the gentlest hearts that beat in a nation teeming with gentle people. He has had losses, and has been at his best under them. Not only the loss of his way by night in the Fulham times—when a bad subject of an Englishman, under pretence of seeing him home, took him into all the night public-houses, drank "arfanarf" in every one at his expense, and finally fled, leaving him shipwrecked at Cleefeeway, which we apprehend to be Ratcliffe Highway—but heavier losses than that. Long ago, a family of children and a mother were left in one of his houses, without money, a whole year. M. Loyal—anything but as rich as we wish he had been—had not the heart to say "you must go;" so they stayed on and stayed on, and paying-tenants who would have come in could n't come in, and at last they managed to get helped home across the water, and M. Loyal kissed the whole group, and said "Adieu, my poor infants!" and sat down in their deserted salon and smoked his pipe of peace. "The rent, M. Loyal?" "Eh! well! The rent!" M. Loyal shakes his head. "Le bon Dieu," says M. Loyal presently, "will recompense me," and he laughs and smokes his pipe of peace. May he smoke it on the Property, and not be recompensed, these fifty years!

There are public amusements in our French watering-place, or it would not be French. They are very popular, and very cheap. The sea-bathing—which may rank as the most favoured daylight entertainment, inasmuch as the French visitors bathe all day long, and seldom appear to think of remaining less than an hour at a time in the water—is astoundingly cheap. Omnibuses convey you, if you please, from a convenient part of the town to the beach and back again; you have a clean and comfortable bathing-machine, dress, linen, and all appliances; and the charge for the whole is half-a-franc, or fivepence. On the pier, there is usually a guitar, which seems presumptuously enough to set its tinkling against the deep hoarseness of the sea, and there is always some boy or woman who sings, without any voice, little songs without any tune: the strain we have most frequently heard being an appeal to "the sportsman" not to bag that choicest of game, the swallow. For bathing purposes, we have also a subscription establishment with an esplanade, where people lounge about with telescopes, and seem to get a good deal of weariness for their money; and we have also an association of individual machine-proprietors combined against this formidable rival. M. Féroce, our own particular friend in the bathing line, is one of these. How he ever came by his name, we cannot imagine. He is as gentle and polite a man as M. Loyal Devasseur himself; immensely stout withal, and of a beaming aspect. M. Féroce has saved so many people from drowning, and has been decorated with so many medals in consequence, that his stoutness seems a special dispensation of Providence to enable him to wear them; if his girth were the girth of an ordinary man, he could never hang them on, all at once. It is only on very great occasions that M. Féroce displays his shining honours. At other times they lie by, with rolls of manuscript testifying to the causes of their presentation, in a huge glass case in the red-sofa'd salon of his private residence on the beach, where M. Féroce also keeps his family pictures, his portraits of himself as he appears both in bathing life and in private life, his little boats that rock by clockwork, and his other ornamental possessions.

Then, we have a commodious and gay Theatre—or had, for it is burned down now—where the opera was always preceded by a vaudeville, in which (as usual) everybody, down to the little cane and tassel, who always played either my Uncle or my Papa, suddenly broke out of the dialogue into the mildest vocal snatches, to the great perplexity of unaccustomed strangers from Great Britain, who never could make out when they were singing and when they were talking—and indeed it was pretty much the same. But, the caterers in the way of entertainment to whom we are most beholden, are the Society of Well-doing, who are active all the summer, and give the proceeds of their good works to the poor. Some of the most agreeable fêtes they contrive, are announced as "Dedicated to the children"; and the taste with which they turn a small public enclosure into an elegant garden beautifully illuminated; and the thorough-going heartiness and energy with which they personally direct the childish pleasures; are supremely delightful. For fivepence a head, we have on these occasions donkey races with English "Jokcis," and other rustic sports; lotteries for toys; round-abouts, dancing on the grass to the music of an admirable band, fire-balloons, and fire-works. Further, almost every week all through the summer—never mind, now, on what day of the week—there is a fête in some adjoining village (called in that part of the country a Ducasse), where the people—really *the people*—dance on the green turf in the open air, round a little orchestra, that seems itself to dance, there is such an airy motion of flags and streamers all about it. And we do not suppose that between the Torrid Zone and the North Pole there are to be found male dancers with such astonishingly loose legs, furnished with so many joints in wrong places, utterly unknown to Professor Owen, as those who here disport themselves. Sometimes, the fête appertains to a particular trade; you will see among the cheerful young women at the joint Ducasse of the milliners and tailors, a wholesome knowledge of the art of making common and cheap things uncommon and pretty, by good sense and good taste, that is a practical lesson to any rank of society in a whole island we could mention. The oddest feature of these agreeable scenes is the everlasting Roundabout (we preserve an English word wherever we can, as we are writing the English language), on the wooden horses of which machine grown-up people of all ages are wound round and round with the utmost solemnity, while the proprietor's wife grinds an organ, capable only of one tune, in the centre.

As to the boarding-houses of our French watering-place, they are Legion, and would require a distinct treatise. It is not without a sentiment of national pride that we believe them to contain more bores from the shores of Albion than all the clubs in London. As you walk timidly in their neighbourhood, the very neckcloths and hats of your elderly compatriots cry to you from the stones of the streets, "We are Bores—avoid us!" We have never overheard at street corners such lunatic scraps of political and social discussion as among these dear countrymen of ours. They carry rumours, and ask questions, and make corrections and improvements on one another, staggering to the human intellect. And they are for ever rushing into the English library, propounding such incomprehensible paradoxes to the fair mistress of that establishment, that we beg to recommend her to her Majesty's gracious consideration as a fit object for a pension.

The English form a considerable part of the population of our French watering-place, and are deservedly addressed and respected in many ways. Some of the surface-addresses to them are odd enough, as when a laundress puts a placard outside her house announcing her possession of that curious British instrument, a "Mingle;" or when a tavern-keeper provides accommodation for the celebrated English game of "Nokemdon." But, to us, it is not the least pleasant feature of our French watering-place that a long and constant fusion of the two great nations there, has taught each to like the other, and to learn from the other, and to rise superior to the absurd prejudices that have lingered among the weak and ignorant in both countries equally.

Drumming and trumpeting of course go on for ever in our French watering-place. Flag-flying is at a premium, too; but, we cheerfully avow that we consider a flag a very pretty object, and that we take such outward signs of innocent liveliness to our heart of hearts. The people, in the town and in the country, are a busy people who work hard; they are sober, temperate, good-humoured, light-hearted and generally remarkable for their engaging manners. Few just men, not immoderately bilious, could see them in their recreations without very much respecting the character that is so easily, so harmlessly and so simply pleased.

DEATH OF LOCKHART.

THE London journals received by the Pacific announce the death of John Gibson Lockhart, as having taken place on the 22th ult. His health had been failing for the last two or three years, and in 1853 he made an ineffectual attempt for its improvement by travelling on the Continent. Lockhart was well-known in the world of letters by several fictitious productions of considerable merit; but his claim to distinction mainly rests on his biography of Sir Walter Scott, and his connection, as editor in chief, with the *Quarterly Review*. He was the son of a Glasgow clergyman, and originally intended for the profession of law; commenced his academic education at the University of that city, which he completed at Baliol College, Oxford. Admitted to the Scottish bar, he made no progress in the legal career, his professional fees falling short of £50 a year. His inclination led him to a literary vocation, and from the first he relied for support on the productions of his pen. After the peace of 1815, he went to Germany, for purposes of study, and became acquainted with several of the distinguished authors of that country. Here he laid the foundation for his knowledge of German literature, in which he subsequently attained uncommon proficiency. His first meeting with Scott was in 1818, after his return from Germany. A few months afterward, he published the work entitled "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," which soon became famous for its gossipping sketches of the most popular celebrities then on the stage, and its caustic satire of the writer's personal and political opponents. At a later period of life, Lockhart confessed that "it was a book which none but a very young and a very thoughtless person would have written." In 1820, he published "Valerius, a Roman Story," which attained a certain degree of eminence, and is now regarded as an uncommonly successful specimen of the classical novel. This was followed by "Reginald Dalton," "Adam Blair," and "Gilbert Earle," which made a marked impression on the public mind, both by the vigour of their style and their effective delineation of passion. His "Life of Burns" appeared in 1825 as a contribution to Constable's Miscellany, and in the same year he took the place of Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Upon the decease of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, he commenced the preparation of materials for his life, which in due season he embodied in the memoirs that, in spite of numerous defects of temper and execution, form one of the most fascinating pieces of biography in the language.

The personal character of Lockhart appears to have been unamiable and repulsive. He was of a skeptical disposition, a satirist, a scoffer, a truculent and vindictive enemy. His management of the *Quarterly Review* was marked by the absence of literary conscientiousness, a fierceness of prejudice often tinged with malignity, and a cynical contempt of every noble and generous sentiment. In a notice of the deceased, one of the leading London journals remarks:

"All the world was always aware of the sins of the *Quarterly Review*, under Lockhart's management; and the best informed had cause to view them the most severely. Everybody knows what Croker's political articles were like. Everybody knows how the publisher was now and then compelled to republish, as they had originally stood, articles which had been interpolated, by Croker and Lockhart (whose names were always associated in regard to the review), with libels and malicious jokes. In their recklessness, they drew upon themselves an amount of reprobation in literary circles which thin-skinned men could never have endured. Now, the young author of a father's biography was invited by the editor to send him early proof sheets, for the benefit of a speedy review; and the review did what it could to damn the book before it was fairly in the hands of the public; and now, the vanity of some second or third-rate author was flattered and drawn out in private intercourse to obtain material for a caricature in the next *Quarterly*. As an able man, a great admirer of the literary merits of the Review, and no sufferer by it, observed—'the well-connected and vigorous and successful have nothing to apprehend from the *Quarterly*; but, as sure as they are old, or blind, or deaf, or absent on their travels, or superannuated, or bankrupt, or dead—the *Quarterly* is upon them.'"

The cheerless gloom which shrouded the close of his life is alluded to by the same writer, showing a picture of desolation sufficiently sombre to gratify the most vindictive enemy. "The good will which he did not seek in his happy days, was won for him by the deep and manifold sorrows of his later years. The extraordinary sweep made by death in his wife's family is a world-wide wonder and sorrow. Lady Scott went first; and the beloved child—Lockhart's intelligent boy, so well known under the name of Hugh Littlejohn—died when the grandfather's mind was dim and clouded. Soon after Scott's death, his younger daughter and worn-out nurse followed him; and in four years more, Mrs. Lockhart. The young Sir Walter died childless in India, and his brother Charles, unmarried, in Persia. Lockhart was left with a son and a daughter. As years and griefs began to press heavily upon him, new sorrow arose in his narrow domestic circle. His son was never any comfort to him, and died in early manhood. The only remaining descendant of Scott, Lockhart's daughter, was married, and became so fervent and obedient a Catholic as to render all intimate intercourse between the forlorn father and his only child impossible. He was now opulent. An estate had descended to him through an elder brother; and he held an office—that of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall—which yielded him £300 a year. He had given up the labour of editing the *Quarterly*; but what were opulence and leisure to him now? Those who saw him in his daily walk in London, his handsome countenance—always with a lowering and sardonic expression—now darkened with sadness, and the thin lips compressed more than ever, as by pain of mind, forgave, in respectful compassion for one so visited, all causes of quarrel, however just, and threw themselves, as it were, into his mind, seeing again the early pranks with Christopher North, the dinings by the brook at Chiefswood, the glories of the Abbotsford sporting parties, the travels with Scott (so like an ovation!) in Ireland, and the home in Regent's park, with the gentle Sophia presiding. Comparing these scenes with the actual forlornness of his last years, there was no heart that could not pity and forgive, and carefully award him his due, as a writer who has given much pleasure in his day, and left a precious bequest to posterity in his life of the great novelist, purged, as we hope it will be, of whatever is untrue and unkind, and rendered as safe as it is beautiful."—*Tribune.*

THE OTHER SIDE.

MR. WATKIN'S REPLY TO MR. BRIGHT.

> "When once a state has given proofs of injustice, rapacity, pride, ambition, or an imperious thirst of rule, she becomes an object of suspicion to her neighbours, whose duty it is to stand on their guard against her. They may come upon her at the moment when she is on the point of acquiring a formidable accession of power; may demand securities; and, if she hesitates to give them, may prevent her designs by force of arms."—*Vattel: Law of Nations. Book 3d. Chapter 3d. Section* 44.
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> "It is still easier to prove that, should that formidable power betray an unjust and ambitious disposition, by doing the least injustice to another, all nations may avail themselves of the occasion, and, by joining the injured party, thus form a coalition of strength, in order to humble that ambitious potentate, and disable him from so easily oppressing his neighbours, or keeping them in continual awe and fear. *For an injury gives us a right to provide for our future safety by depriving the unjust aggressor of the means of injuring us; and it is lawful, and even praiseworthy, to assist those who are oppressed or unjustly attacked.*"—*Vattel: Law of Nations. Book* 3d. *Chapter* 3d. *Section* 45.

ROSE HILL, November 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: When I assented to your request that my hasty note should accompany your elaborate reply, I earnestly entreated that you would delay the publication till the 11th, lest the influence of your name should prejudice the subscription to the Patriotic Fund. As you had assigned your unwillingness to check the flow of liberality as your reason for not appearing at the meeting, and as the subject of the war is not likely to lose its interest, I depended upon your willing compliance with so reasonable a request. But I find I was mistaken. At whatever cost to the wives and children of those whose sufferings you so pathetically deplore, you have hastened to declare that you "will have no part in this terrible crime," and have charged, not me only, but a vast majority of your fellow-countrymen, with the guilt of commencing and supporting an unjust and unnecessary war, "as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interests of the country." I pass by the epithets with which you have heightened your picture, and have endeavoured to degrade at once the understanding and humanity of those to whom you are opposed. Such flowers of rhetoric are merely the adornment of your victim. To these I say nothing; but to the charge of complicity in the bloodguiltiness of an unjust war, I indignantly reply, for my country, not less than for myself—NOT GUILTY.

Your indictment against your country (for it is she who is the great criminal whom you arraign, inasmuch as she, speaking by the tongues and from the hearts of the vast majority of her sons, has sanctioned the war) is drawn with consummate skill. No crown lawyer of the most arbitrary times of our most arbitrary kings ever took more pains to involve some obnoxious individual in the meshes of constructive treason than you have employed to fasten upon your country the complicated guilt of hypocrisy, injustice and unnecessary bloodshed. Nor did ever a well-feed Old Bailey practitioner labour harder to save some notorious offender from a deserved hanging than you have done, *without a fee*, to represent the most aggressive and wily monarch in the world as a pattern of fair dealing and a lover of peace.

When, in answer to your assertion of the wickedness of the war, I appealed to the law of nations, my appeal was to that code by which the nations of Christendom have agreed to regulate their affairs, embodying the recognised system of national morality, to which statesmen would unanimously refer, and by which they would judge. I referred to Vattel, not as the author, but as the expositor of that law; to his book as one popularly known, and readily consulted; and to his decisions as being, on all important points, in accordance with those of the highest authorities. When, therefore, I found in Vattel passages such as those I have placed at the head of this letter, so clear in statement, and so strong in reason—so evidently condemning Russia, and so fully justifying the conduct of England and France—I felt that, according to the law of nations, the question was settled.

The continued aggressions of the Czar being universally admitted, it was the obvious duty of all civilized nations, *and had long been their duty*, to repress his further advances.

Great, therefore, was my surprise when you disclaimed the authority of the law of nations; but my surprise rose to astonishment at the hardihood of your assertions, that this law, which is founded on the highest and purest morality, as established and expounded by some of the ablest and best of men, is "a code full of confusion and contradictions, having its foundation on custom, and not on a higher morality, and on custom which has always been determined by the will of the strongest"—an assertion so palpably at variance with the fact, that I hesitate whether to ascribe it to want of knowledge or want of candour; but in which certainly no one will find it possible to concur who takes the slightest pains to inform himself on the subject. The law of nations partakes *necessarily* of that imperfection which attaches to all human science; but it is still a science, the foundations of which are laid in the nature and situation of man, and the relation of individuals and communities to each other. By this law the war is clearly justifiable; but not merely by this law. We may safely indulge you by quitting for a time the domain of positive law, and ascending to principle. You refer to a "higher morality," but do not state what it is, or where its precepts are to be found. Now, the highest morality is contained in that law of the gospel which commands us to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us." This is the rule for nations, not less than for individuals. It cannot be fulfilled by either except by the maintenance of justice and the practice of humanity. It requires the punishment of crime, the defence of those who are weak against the injustice of the strong, and the efficient repression of everything which is a violation of individual or national rights. In pursuance of this duty, England and France are now engaged in war. The precept which commands the duty, sanctions and hallows its performance; and the war is as clearly right according to the highest morality as it is by the law of nations.

I shall merely refer to those parts of your letter in which, by an accumulation of particulars, you have sought to distract the attention of your readers from the real question, which is "the justice or injustice of the war." Whatever we may think of the American war, or of that with France, of the affair of Don Pacifico, or of the conduct of the English ministry, or the French emperor; even if we adopt your opinion as to the tortuous negotiation which arose out of the Menschikoff demands, and compel ourselves to believe that the wily autocrat, "more aggressive in peace than in war," was at the moment, and for his own purposes, willing to accept the note of the four powers, and to save us from the "terrible crime" into which we were hurried by the Turks, who understood the diplomacy of your client so much better than we—still that great question remains, and has been decided, as we have seen, by the law of nations and the morality of the gospel, both of which enjoin upon us the duty of resisting oppression and restraining injustice.

Your doctrine of non-intervention, grounded on your assertion that "we were not attacked, and were not even insulted in any way," compels me to remind you that the conduct of Russia towards Great Britain, during the last twenty years, has been marked by such insolence and ill faith that nothing but the actual weakness of our government has kept us from war. Assailed on one side by the delusive dogmas of the Peace Society, and badgered on the other by the sages of the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" school, who displayed their knowledge of arithmetic in pompous calculations of the great saving which would accrue to the nation from the reduction of our means of defence to some obsolete standard—the ministry was emasculated; and Russia took advantage of the favourable opportunity for more open aggression. In that part of the world, "three thousand miles away from us," which is the seat of war, she stopped and visited our merchant vessels by force, subjected them to illegal exactions, interfered with the tracking path of the Danube, and obstructed its navigation, by allowing the sand to accumulate at the entrance of the river, which she had bound herself by treaty to keep open. Each of these acts was an infraction of the public law of Europe, and a justifiable ground of hostility. They excited attention at the time, and spirited speeches were pronounced in the house; but, as no efficient means of repression were adopted, and the polite notes of Count Nesselrode were accepted as satisfactory explanations, this result served only to augment the insolent domination of Russia. She ventured to confiscate an English vessel, the Vixen, for attempting to land a cargo of salt in Circassia; and at length compelled the sultan to forbid the entrance of ships of war into the Black Sea, and to declare himself incompetent, either in peace or war, to invite them to do so. She thus made herself supreme in that sea, and, by means of the fleet which she kept in it, and the forces she could accumulate at Sebastopol and Odessa, was in a position to dictate her own terms to the unfortunate Turks. All this our government passed over with the passive submission so much admired by the Peace Society, but which, if the spirit of Chatham had existed in the cabinet, would not have been endured. Could you wish your country to be further insulted?

Descriptions of the suffering unavoidably attendant upon war have always a powerful effect, as they appeal to the most amiable feelings of our nature, and have the greatest influence on the most estimable persons. You are aware of this fact, and have made use of it in order to increase the aversion which is naturally felt to deeds of cruelty, and you endeavour to transfer, as far as possible, this feeling to those whom you accuse as the authors of the war. You lead your readers to the Heights of Alma, to the field after the battle, and paint in strong colours the horrors of the scene.

Your rhetoric is clever and effective; but why, except for the purpose of criminating your country, did you confine yourself to Alma? Why was not the massacre of Sinope depicted with equal force, except that it was the work of the Czar, and would have counteracted the impression you wished to produce in his favour? In all this splendid piece of rhetorical exaggeration you have acted as a partisan of the monarch whose unholy ambition has been the real cause of the horrors you deplore; and not of those only, but of all the succeeding scenes of frightful slaughter which have occurred up to the time at which I write. You should not stop at Alma, but add to the horrors of that battle field the still greater horrors of Sebastopol and Balaklava. You should point to the thousands of Russians and Turks, of English and French, who have fallen in the recent battles, and whose torn and mutilated bodies appeal to the justice of heaven against the author of so dreadful a sacrifice. I believe with you that the time for "the inquisition for blood" will come, but God forbid that I should believe, as you do, that the guilt of the "terrible crime" will be imputed to us. We have taken up arms in defence of the weak against a mighty oppressor—for the security of our own country, and for the preservation of those things which are in our just estimation to be "prized above all price"—for liberty and its attendant blessings, for civilization and progress, for justice and for truth. Our battle is for the welfare of the whole human race, and our trust is in the righteousness of our cause, and in His aid who has called us to this glorious work.

The guilt of all the bloodshed and suffering, the misery and sorrow, the broken hearts and desolated homes, which must necessarily accompany this awful contest, will lie at his door whose crimes have rendered it necessary, and upon those who have aided and abetted him in his unholy course; upon the mercenary leaders who have sold themselves to lead his ignorant serfs; but yet more heavily upon those perverters of truth and right, the unprincipled diplomatic sophists, who have supplied pretexts, and lying evasions, and pretences, to gloze over the enormities of his unprincipled aggressions.

If there be a deeper dye of complicity, it is, in my conscientious opinion, that of the man who, being the citizen of a free country, and a member of her legislature, claiming to be an ardent lover of liberty, of knowledge, of progress, and the general welfare of mankind, from some unaccountable wrong-headedness, prostitutes the ability which was given him for the noblest purposes, to become the apologist of one of the most flagitious despots whose existence ever cursed the earth. To such a man we may warrantably apply the words you have employed, and tell him that "his utmost generosity to the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers will, in our opinion, make but a wretched return for the misery *he* has assisted to bring upon hundreds of families."

When I think of those brave and devoted men who have fallen so heroically at the bidding of their country, I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes fill with involuntary tears of mingled admiration and sorrow. I admire their gallantry, I mourn for their loss, but I do not pity them for the manner of their death; for no man can be an object of pity, or be accounted "miserable," who dies in the performance of his duty. The memory of these true sons of this great country will be embalmed in her grateful remembrance, and held up to the emulation of succeeding times. Impartial history will testify to their unrivalled valour, and account them worthy of their ancestors, by whom our liberties were won in many a bloody field. It is impossible not to exult in the valour of our countrymen, or to avoid a feeling of contempt for those who, from whatever motive, would seek to lessen its merit, or to deprive it of any portion of the admiration it so entirely deserves.

But, you tell me, with a crowd of depreciating epithets, which, by the way, you are rather too apt to use towards your opponents, that "our love for civilization is a sham," our "sacrifices for freedom a pitiful imposture, and our whole eastern policy is based on a false foundation, because we aim at the perpetual maintenance of the most immoral and filthy of all despotisms"—that of Turkey. When you wrote this abusive character of the government of the Sultan, it is clear that you did not remember the existence of the despotism of Russia. But I cannot allow you to forget either its existence or its character. Call to mind its history from the time of that energetic savage, Peter the First, to whom the epithet of "great" was applied by the philosophic parasites of the infamous Catherine; recollect his beastly drunkenness, his gross licentiousness, his devilish cruelties; remember that he is charged with the murder of his own son; and that, in founding St. Petersburg, he immolated nearly a hundred thousand of his unhappy subjects. The two women, his immediate successors, were feeble copies of his conduct; and then came the blood-stained and abandoned Catherine, the grandmother, I believe, of the present autocrat; that creature whom Byron has "damned to everlasting fame," in a well-known line in his "Don Juan,"

"As greatest of all sovereigns and wh——s."

Probably there never existed upon earth a despotism more emphatically immoral, cruel and filthy than that of Russia. It is a libel on the Sultan and his subjects to compare his government with that of the house of Romanoff. But even if it were possible to admit that the one despotism was as bad as the other, what then? It would still be true that we were fighting for civilization and liberty, in maintaining the rule of the Sultan in preference to that of his invader. Turkey is no longer an aggressive power; she attacks no one, and desires only to repose. Of her own accord she has endeavoured to amend her institutions, and to satisfy the just wishes of her Christian subjects. In her hands the capital of Constantine and the possession of the Straits are no subject of alarm to the nations of the west. They will derive benefit from her improvement, and may carry on a beneficial commerce with the subjects of her extensive and fertile territories. The very reverse of all this is true of Russia. If that domineering and insolent power were seated at Constantinople, and had possession of the seaports and islands now belonging to Turkey, instant alarm would seize upon all Christendom, and instant and immense preparations would have to be made and kept up to meet an expected irruption of barbarians into the heart of Europe. The expenses of peace would exceed those of war; and a continued state of anxiety and apprehension would have to be purchased by an immense outlay, and with a commerce restricted by all the artifices of Russian competition, ever watchful and ever unscrupulous. The termination of this state of things would be war, at such time as suited the convenience of Russia—and war not "three thousand miles away," but on our own shores, or in the adjacent seas; probably, single-handed, but certainly under all the disadvantages to which the immensely increased power of Russia, arising out of our fatal supineness, would have subjected us.

I must stop here; not because I have said all that I intended (for many things remain to which I may hereafter advert), but because the press can wait no longer. Perhaps my letter will be thought to be already too long; but I could not make it shorter unless I had been able to devote more time to its composition and correction.

Believe me, dear sir, sincerely yours,

John Bright, Esq., M.P. ABSALOM WATKIN.

SCHAMYL POSSIBLY A MYTH.—The British embassy is endeavouring to recover the Russian ladies who were carried off by the Daghistanees in their late foray on the villages north of Teflis. Letters have been written to Schamyl, and three persons are separately endeavouring to open a communication with him. It would be a great thing to be assured of this warrior's existence. He is always named as the supposed leader of the Lesges and neighbouring tribes who inhabit the Eastern Caucasus, but that he is still alive and conducts their movements we have no proof. Such pieces of intelligence as that "Schamyl has offered 50,000 men to the Porte," "Schamyl has totally defeated the Russian army in Asia," are favourite efforts of Perote and Bucharestian invention, but the fact is, that for some time past we have no certain knowledge of the celebrated leader. Emir Bay, a man who has done much in the Western Caucasus, was originally the Naib or lieutenant of Schamyl, but no communication has passed between them for three or four years. The tribes which he used to influence have of late been very active against the Russians, and this gives reason to suppose that he still preserves his vigour and authority; but he is so little known, and so much that is mythical has been mixed up with his real actions, that an enterprising traveller who could give us some trustworthy information would be a benefactor not only to the cause of the allies but to those who take an interest in a most singular passage of the world's history.—*Constantinople Correspondence of the (London) Times.*

Philadelphia Advertisements.

IN North Fourth Street, above Race, at No 61, can be found on hand Shirts, Collars, Ruffles, Wrappers, Stocks, Ties, Gloves, &c. &c. Also, Collars, Shirts, Ruffles, Stocks, &c., made to order at shortest notice and in neatest style. CYRUS WHITSON.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

Removal.

DEPUY'S Spring Garden Carpet Store has been removed from 136 Spring Garden street to the S. W. corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, and supplied with a largely increased stock of Velvet, Brussels, Thread-ply, Ingrain and Venitian Carpets; Oil Cloth, Druggets, Shades, &c., which will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bounp Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTISON, Trunk Manufacturer
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowler, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.
Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers, Have Removed to Nos. 2 and 4 Merchant street, above Fourth (first street S. of Market), Phila. Plain and fancy Jobbing, such as Bill Heads, Circulars, Cards, Handbills, Apothecaries' Labels, &c. &c., and Book and Pamphlet work, neatly and promptly executed.
Special attention given to the printing of Periodicals.

LADIES' BOOT and SHOE STORE. Business Enlarged.—The subscriber has constantly on hand, at wholesale or retail, or will make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's English or French Lasting Gaiter Boots, together with a large assortment of Morocco, Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell low for cash.
N. B. Goodyear's Gum Shoes, a pure article, always on hand. W. C. PARKER,
No. 91 N. Sixth st., east side, 3 doors below Race st., Phila

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 89 N. Sixth st., Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.
☞ Parties and families furnished at short notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

NEW BOOK STORE for New Books, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia. THOMAS CURTIS invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of Books, Stationery, &c., which he has selected with great care and attention to the wants of the age. Every work affecting the interests of society and of a reformatory character will be obtained soon as published. A great variety of Liberal Books, wholesale and retail. Any rare books imported from Europe. Engravings, Porte-monnaies, Card Cases, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c. Persons residing in the country will have their orders promptly executed

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail.
Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

FAMILY COAL YARD, Broad street, second yard above Spruce street, Philadelphia. Coal from the best mines, expressly for family use, free from dust and slate, kept dry, and 2240 lbs. given to the ton. The best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Red and White Ash, and of all sizes, kept constantly on hand. We would be obliged to our anti-slavery friends if they would give us a call. Orders left at the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 North Fifth street, or sent through the dispatch, will be promptly attended to. ELLISON NEWPORT & CO.

DAGUERREOTYPES!—Broadbent & Co offer to those desiring pictures the best facilities in the art. Beautiful landscape, picturesque or plain back grounds, at the option of the sitter; also the new and elegant style of illuminated heads.
Those who desire pictures or portraits copied, Stereoscope portraits of themselves, or miniatures on ivory or beautifully enamelled on porcelain, shall be faithfully served at 236 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGY—Removal.—William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

Philadelphia Spring Goods.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, Philadelphia, are receiving and opening daily Dress Goods of all the new fabrics, Silks, Foulards, Grenadines, Tissues, Lawns' Organdies, Zerlines, Bareges. Also, Alpacas, Mouselines, Poplins, Shawls, Silk, Crape, Cashmere, Broche, Blankets, Flannels, Sheetings, Furnishing Goods, Irish Linens, Linen Drills, plain and best styles. Spring and Summer Goods for men and boys, Vestings, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmaretts.
32 South Second street.

DAGUERREOTYPES, Stereoscopes and Illuminated Heads, taken in the highest perfection. We warrant our pictures to be satisfactory to all wishing true representations of themselves and friends.
Special attention paid to children. Copies taken with accuracy.
We invite all to call and examine specimens at our rooms, No. 340, S. E. corner of Tenth and Market streets, Philadelphia.
HENRY C. PHILLIPS,
PHEBE D. PHILLIPS.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this central establishment families may procure the finest qualities of Flour to be had in the market, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of the most desirable brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and unbolted Wheat Meal, fresh from the mills, delivered by an obliging porter, anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board the different transportation lines leaving the city.
CALEB CLOTHIER.
N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

MORRISON & GLENN respectfully announce to the public that their Spring Style HATS are now ready. Their manner of doing business is for cash and no abatement from the price first asked. The time saved and losses avoided by this course, as well as their being operatives, enables them to sell at much lower prices and others in the trade. Neither oppressing nor being oppressed, they sell the best French Moleskin Hat for $3.50, and other qualities proportionately low. Men's and Boys' Soft Hats and Caps always on hand, suitable to the season. Friends' Hats made to order. No. 41 N. Sixth St., below Arch, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock picks, Hobbs included.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business: Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike.
The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No [illegible]0, Philadelphia. JONES & CO.

Silver Medal Awarded by the Franklin Institute, 1852.

F. H. SMITH, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Philadelphia.—Porte-Monnaies, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Money Belts, Purses; silver, pearl, papier-mache and shell Card Cases; Needle-books, Sewing-cases, with or without the furniture; mahogany, rosewood and leather-covered Writing-desks and Dressing-cases, roll-up Writing cases for Travellers; also a handsome assortment of fancy and useful articles, fine French Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Razor-strops, &c. &c. &c.
F. H. SMITH,
Pocket-Book and Case Manufacturer,
N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut street.
N. B. SOMETHING NEW.—Fine Pocket Cutlery and Scissors, Bagshaw's manufacture. Purchasers can depend upon getting a good article. If they do not give satisfaction articles will be exchanged or the money refunded.

246—THOS. ADAMSON, Jr.—246
No. 246 N. Second st., Philadelphia,
Is now prepared to exhibit some decided *Bargains* in
SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,
Splendid new styles Dress Goods.
Great Bargains in Black Silks.
Fine Coburg Cloths, of the most desirable colours
French Merinoes and Plaid Cashmeres;
Brocha Long and Square Shawls;
New Styles Woollen do. do.
Blankets, Flannels, Tickings, Table Covers,
Sheeting and Shirting Muslins, Irish Linens,
Towels, Napkins, Linen Table Cloths.
Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear—Satinetts from 25 to 75 cts. per yard; Cassimeres from 50 cts. to $2 50. Broadcloths from $1 to $6; Vestings, and a great variety of Plaid and Fancy Cassimeres and Jeans, for Boys' wear.

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE Manufactory.—To ladies and gentlemen about to travel, the subscriber would respectfully call their attention to articles he manufactures, many of which are made expressly for travelling purposes, great care and study having been expended to render each article truly a multum in parvo; also, his well-selected stock of imported and domestic Perfumery, of the best descriptions; Brushes of all kinds, of English and American manufacture; Combs and Razors, Penknives, Scissors, and every instrument necessary for the toilet, of the most approved makers; an assortment always on hand of Desks, Dressing Cases, Ladies' Reticules, Work Cases, Portfolios, Pocket Books, Portmonnaies, Money Belts, and a general assortment of useful Fancy articles.
WM. T. FRY, Manufacturer,
227 Arch street, above Sixth, north side, Philadelphia.

JOHN W. CLOTHIER & Co., No. 52 N. Fourth st. (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery, Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved or written to order. Portmonnaies, Pocket Books Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Rodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery.
Country storekeepers and teachers supplied. Rags bought.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.